FROM PARIS ALEXANDER WERTH

THE NATION

JULY 8, 1968 35 cents

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

A Man May Choose **The Case for Selective Pacifism** CARL COHEN

Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats MICHAEL HARRIS

son's Ploy **FLIGHT OF THE LAME DUCK** DONALD L. ROBINSON

South Africa: The Onlooker and the Insider NADINE GORDIMER

12-17-68R CL9-643
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019
PAPER NEWSPAPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Marine veteran

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Apropos Sandy Goodman's "Back from Vietnam: The Invisible Veterans" [*The Nation*, June 3], I wish to correct an erroneous statement: "And so far enlistments haven't been extended, as they were during Korea."

In March, 1966, all enlisted Marine Corps personnel were given a four-month involuntary extension. Although I myself was to be released from active duty on March 1, 1966, I did not leave Vietnam until late June of that year.

Furthermore, our organization (Viet-Nam Veterans Against the War) respects the opinion of Mr. DaParma, that "Almost every veteran has an emotional bias in favor of the war," but we do not agree and, in fact, contend that the opposite is closer to the truth.

G. James Boggio

memorial

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Is it stupidity, hypocrisy, or just plain contempt for the democratic voter?

Worship Robert Kennedy, work for him, adulate him, respect him, weep for him, cherish him forever—and then ignore his last testament by casting Kennedy votes for the Humphrey-Administration ticket which he so valiantly opposed?

Aaron Katz

band of dispossessed

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: I read "The New Mexican Land War" by Clark Knowlton [*The Nation*, June 17] with a map of New Mexico in front of me, and an exciting three weeks of Poor People's Campaign discussions and demonstrations with Reies Tijerina in my mind. Thanks for the clearest account of the Alianza Federal de Mercedes history and activities I have seen.

Let us hope there can be a banding together of people all over this land whose homes and land have been confiscated or covered with mud by strip mining or pushed aside by mechanization.

Myles Horton, Highlander Center

correction

Through an error in transmission from Paris, a sentence of Alexander Werth's "Students, Workers and the General" (*The Nation*, June 24) was garbled. The error appears at the foot of column one, page 818, where a television interview with de Gaulle was attributed to M. Mitterrand.

The Editors

Erikson and Farrell

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Any one who has actually read Erik Erikson's work will not be misled by Chandler Brossard's glib caricature of it ["Making Life Tougher," *The Nation*, June 3]. Those who might be led to read it have been treated badly. Erikson specifically rebukes those who would try to analyze creative people with historical commitments in terms of an inappropriate and mythical idea of "inner repose"; and he has developed the identity-crisis concept as a way of preventing people from being prematurely categorized as "patients" who don't "adjust." Mr. Brossard confuses "invigorating sameness" with monotony, and resolving "identity-diffusion" with what he would probably call "sell-

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIALS

Candidates and Bosses

It finally became clear in Connecticut that a third-party movement is beginning to emerge. And Democratic National Chairman John Bailey is one of its architects. At the Connecticut convention on June 21 and 22, he refused to give McCarthy supporters proportional representation on the state's delegation to the national convention. He stuck rigidly to his position, despite a public appeal by Sen. Abe Ribicoff that was nothing less than passionate. It was apparent to everyone that Bailey was acting not as State Chairman (which he also is) but as National Chairman. The Humphrey forces have learned from one disastrous primary after another that they cannot win the nomination with the support of the people; they must rely upon the support of the national bosses. And this boss support—as Bailey demonstrated in Hartford and Humphrey himself demonstrated on the same day in Minnesota—is going to be applied ruthlessly.

Ribicoff, a decent man and a skilled politician, knows what this means. He made the extraordinary gesture of offering his own place on the national delegation to the Rev. Joseph Duffey, leader of the McCarthy forces. He also pleaded with these forces not to walk out, a plea that finally went unheeded. Duffey and Bailey negotiated up until the closing minutes of the convention, and the number ten became symbolic. The McCarthy forces demanded ten seats on the forty-four-man delegation, even though a vote on one question indicated that their proportional share should have been thirteen. Bailey raised his offer from five to nine and refused to add the one more, even though Ribicoff and Gov. John Dempsey wanted him to compromise, and even though he knew a walkout would follow if he did not.

There is no secret what the Humphrey-Bailey strategy is: ramrod Humphrey into the nomination and then count on the specter of Richard Nixon as President to restore, however reluctantly, party unity. But, as Ribicoff recognized in what must have been the most unhappy speech in his long and useful career, this may not work. Indeed, if the statements of the McCarthy people, both public and private, are any indication, it will not work. This was made clear at a rally on the lawn outside the Connecticut Statehouse, sponsored by Clarence Jones, a leader of the McCarthy supporters in New York State, where the Senator had won such an extraordinary victory just a few days before. Jones, a Negro, said he "was not going to mouth the customary words about support of the party." He said that McCarthy people would work inside and *outside* the party, and that if Humphrey were nominated he reserved the right to take action outside the party.

A few minutes later, inside the convention hall, Richard Goodwin, who spoke on behalf of McCarthy, said that the McCarthy forces were going to carry the fight to Chicago and *beyond*. And after the McCarthy supporters, more than a quarter of the convention delegates, had walked out, Paul O'Dwyer said that "we are not going to accept a Democratic organization that repudiates the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

people from one [illegible] of the country to the other." O'Dwyer was obviously a hero to the McCarthy people in Connecticut. Not only were they won by his wit and charm but his all-but-impossible victory in New York symbolized their hope that McCarthy too could win an all-but-impossible victory.

If this is to be done, the McCarthy supporters must convince the bosses that Humphrey can't win—that even Nixon is not a bugaboo sufficiently alarming to restore party unity. At this stage the McCarthy leaders are not in a position to threaten publicly and flatly a third party, but in private conversation there was endless speculation about such a possibility. It was not glib talk; these were loyal Democrats who want to remain Democrats but who feel rejected by their own party. Some talked of a third party in the hope that the mere threat will cause the convention to reject Humphrey. Among these were also some who hope that such talk will, at least, force Humphrey to take a strong stand against the war in Vietnam.

There are those, however, who feel so deeply alienated by the party machine that they seriously advocate a third party, even if it would—as they recognize—mean the election of Nixon. While they are horrified by such a prospect, they are so deeply convinced that fundamental change in the Democratic Party is necessary that they are willing to pay even that extreme price. Humphrey is betting that not too many feel as bitter as that, but he would be making a serious mistake to count on it too heavily. The depth of feeling against him is great.

In any case, a third party is a last resort, not to be taken until after Chicago. Until then the McCarthy people will work within the party. They will go to the courts wherever they can but the campaign will, from the start, be based on the people. The biggest petition campaign in American history will be undertaken. State by state, town by town, McCarthy volunteers, many of them college students on vacation, will collect signatures. They hope for millions, more than have ever been collected in this or any other nation. They want to say to Bailey and the bosses at Chicago: "These millions of people want McCarthy for President. Reject him and them at your own risk."

If they can get these signatures—and no doubt they will get a great many—Bailey and the bosses should take heed. If they don't, no one can say what will happen, but it will not be good. Nixon or Humphrey may be able to be elected, but neither will be able to govern. Is that what Humphrey and Bailey want?

RICHARD J. WALTON
Delegate to the Connecticut Democratic Convention

IN THIS ISSUE

July 8, 1968

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

7 The Cleverness of de Gaulle — *Alexander Werth*

8 Left, Right and Yankee: The Blood of Guatemala — *Georgie Anne Geyer*

11 A Man May Choose: The Case for Selective Pacifism — *Carl Cohen*

15 Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats — *Michael Harris*

18 Johnson's Ploy: Flight of the Lame Duck — *Donald L. Robinson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 The Onlooker and the Insider — *Nadine Gordimer*

25 Haunted by Himself — *Max Byrd*

26 United Fruit Country — *Warren Sloat*

27 The Birds on the Morning of Going (poem) — *W. S. Merwin*

28 The Big Black Bag — *Martin Tucker*

28 Films — *Robert Hatch*

29 Theatre — *Julius Novick*

31 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.
Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS
Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS
Associate Editor PHIL KERBY
Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH
Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, JOHN LOGAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; Paris, ALEXANDER WERTH; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; United Nations, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014, Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 for foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 207*
No. 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Honorable 'Conspirators'

In Boston, Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Mitchell Goodman and Michael Ferber have been convicted in federal court of conspiracy to counsel young men to evade the draft. In Baltimore, the Rev. Philip Berrigan, the Rev. James L. Mengel, Thomas P. Lewis and David Eberhardt have been convicted of hindrance to the execution of the draft laws (they had poured blood on draft board records) and other federal offenses. The latter quartet received sentences ranging up to six years.

The charge of "conspiracy" in the Boston case is absurd on its face, except possibly in the narrow legal sense, under which conspiracy is a catchall for any action, whether actually criminal or merely inconvenient to the government, in which two or more participate together. The element of secrecy, always present in the popular idea of conspiracy, is not essential in the legal version. Some of the "conspirators" in the Boston case deposited at the Department of Justice scraps of draft cards which they averred had been torn up by the individuals to whom the cards had been issued. They did not all know one another until after they were indicted. They circulated a political tract, "Call to Resist," which was signed by 2,500 others, including Bishop Pike and Linus Pauling. Still, the government contended, and the jury agreed (except as to one defendant), that a criminal conspiracy had indeed taken place.

In the Boston and Baltimore cases the elements of similarity, on the government's side, transcend the differences. The government's objective was deterrence of any public action that would tend to promote resistance to the Selective Service laws and the Vietnamese War. Another similarity, as Prof. Herbert Jehle of George Washington University pointed out in a letter published in the June 21 *New York Times* in reference to the Boston trial, was that the court "sidetracked the issue of legality, morality or constitutionality of the war in Vietnam as irrelevant to the case [and thus] conveniently closed its ears to the real issues at stake: the terrible confusion in regard to violence which plagues this country and the world." This applies with equal force to the Baltimore proceeding.

Political trials, of course, are nothing new in this country. As recently as the fifties, in the era of Joe McCarthy, we had hundreds of them—a few dozen formal ones in the courts, the others before legislative tribunals in the guise of investigations. From one viewpoint, the current proceedings are distinct from those carried out in the hysterical phase of anti-communism. The accused in the celebrated earlier trials—Hiss, Remington, the Rosenbergs, Sobell and others—were charged with offenses which, if they did in fact commit them, put the defendants outside the pale of popular toleration. They were accused of trafficking with a foreign power which, if not technically an enemy (indeed, an ally when the trafficking was allegedly done) was, and is, viewed with fear and distrust by most Americans. Their word for such action is *treason.*

But no one calls the defendants in the current cases by opprobrious names. The talk now is about unwise methods of dissent, of the arrogance of moral conviction, of eroding authority, etc. The men themselves are held to be honorable, even by the attorneys who prosecute them. The Baltimore prosecutor said to Father Berrigan's sister-in-law: "If there is a heaven, these men will go there. I have to do my job in the courtroom." He drew the sharpest possible distinction between government and morality—the issue that has been avoided in the trials to date and that will, unless the higher courts intervene, be avoided in the trials to come.

This avoidance goes to the heart of the matter. A government, being sovereign, is *ipso facto* immune from questions of morality. It can command its citizens to commit murder in what the rulers decide is the national interest, and by that command the deed ceases to be murder and becomes the most praiseworthy of actions. The nature of the war is immaterial, as are the motives and character of its opponents. The war may conform to St. Augustine's criteria of the just war, as World War II did on the Allied side, but the courts do not distinguish between the Vietnamese War and World War II. The war is the war, the law is the law. [See "The Case for Selective Pacifism" by Carl Cohen, p. 11.]

The analogy with the Joe McCarthy era lies in the fact that the motivating force of the cold war is now, as it has been all along, the popular fear of revolution. The Vietnamese War is only an extension of the cold war into the realm of violence. It is impossible to call the opponents of the war Communists, but they can be called revolutionists —from the bench in Baltimore—and in their resistance to governmental action, that is precisely what they are.

Might one say, then, that one measure of the irrationality and cruelty of a nation's foreign policy is the caliber of the citizens it must prosecute in order to continue that policy unchallenged? If so, is there still a category morally superior to Berrigan, Coffin, Spock, et al., that can be brought to the dock as our policy and its furtherance become still more indefensible? Or might one judge, from the moral stature of these men, that we have already reached some absolute of international folly?

The Bugs of War

A major (and increasing) part of the $17 billion the federal government spends annually on research and development is, directly or indirectly, "mission-oriented" —directed toward specific military objectives. Some part of these billions is funneled into projects inspired by the demands of the Vietnamese War, which will go down in history as an attack on a small, primitive country by the world's foremost technological-military power. These projects include such bizarre devices as an artificial bloodhound claimed to be capable of detecting human beings by smell, so that guerrilla fighters in the jungle (or simply peasants) may be exterminated by air strikes.

A more plausible, and indeed demonstrably operative, invention is a family of devices that in the present state of the art permit night observation at ranges up to 1,200 meters (about 3/4 mile). These are electronic light amplifiers, emitting no radiation of their own and hence undetectable by the enemy but utilizing ambient light—skyglow, starlight or moonlight—to produce the image of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

target that would be invisible to the unaided eye. The resolution is said to be that of an average TV picture, and with greater brightness. Such electronic telescopes are ancillary to the vast array of radar equipment.

But all such contrivances are subject to error and misuse in combat, as was shown in the Tonkin Bay incident, where it now seems evident that the idiosyncrasies of radar and sonar enabled the Johnson-Humphrey Administration to initiate the bombing of North Vietnam and expand the war with a blank check from Congress. More recently, mistaken electronic observations apparently played a part in the incident in waters off the DMZ in which the U.S. cruiser *Boston*, the Australian cruiser *Hobart*, two USN Swift boats and a Coast Guard cutter were fired on—probably by our own aircraft—producing seven fatalities and the same number of wounded.

The Associated Press (June 21) quoted U.S. sources in Saigon to the effect that it was "highly probable" (in such cases this usually means practically certain) that U.S. aircraft and artillery "mistakenly" attacked allied ships under the impression that they were shooting at enemy helicopters, which had suddenly been reported over the DMZ. The first reports reaching the United States (from South Vietnamese sources) were that American jets and artillery had shot down twelve "Soviet-made" helicopters on June 16-17. An intensive search revealed no helicopter wreckage, while the damage to U.S. and allied surface craft was all too evident.

It was explained (as everyone with even World War II experience with radar knew) that surface craft could be mistaken for low-flying aircraft, while electronic telescopes —through which moving lights were said to have been observed—were unreliable for ranging. One source even speculated that the reports of flying lights might have had the same origin as the sightings of flying saucers in the United States. "The power of suggestion is enormous," this informant commented.

Of course fatalities inflicted by friendly forces are an old story in war. Stonewall Jackson, the most brilliant general officer the Confederacy possessed, was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville by the fire of his own men. But as war becomes increasingly technologized, such mistakes are bound to occur more frequently, especially in a situation such as that in Vietnam where practically all the air power is on one side. While the reports of North Vietnamese helicopters may be true, on June 23 Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, commander of U.S. troops in South Vietnam, said there is "no formal, concrete, factual evidence" of their presence.

The incident may also betray a degree of apprehension among our military people that at some point our mastery of the air above South Vietnam might be challenged. As it is, whenever U.S. infantry encounters opposition, air strikes are called for and the enemy is slaughtered with practically no risk. This accounts for the 10-to-1 ratio of enemy losses to our own. From a chivalrous or merely decent standpoint (totally irrelevant, to be sure) this is a sickening ratio, just as the use of Vietnam as a proving ground for American weaponry is sickening. The loss of life by fire from friendly sources is deplorable, but no more so than everything else about this war.

The Good Americans

Antipersonnel weapons are developed in bits and pieces. One Army laboratory investigates new materials for fragmenting warheads; another conducts ballistic tests. One company designs a bomblet, another designs the bomblet dispenser fuse, while a third is conducting aerodynamic tests on the dispersion of bomblets. An engineer can concentrate on his immediate task without knowing how his work will be used. Nor does a worker at a ball bearing factory need to know that the 7/32-inch steel balls he is making will go into a fragmentation bomblet.

People in the "establishment" seem similarly unwilling to spread the word. *The New York Times* has a science correspondent and a military correspondent, both men of considerable experience. The dozens of antipersonnel weapons developed in the last few years might be considered an achievement from either a technological or a military point of view. Various details have been published elsewhere, and a newspaper like the *Times* has its own methods of getting information. On this subject, however, it maintains a discreet silence. Judging from the index, in 1966 the *Times* published only two articles on the development of military equipment for use in Vietnam, and antipersonnel weapons were not mentioned in either of them.

Honeywell, Inc., is probably the country's leading producer of antipersonnel weapons. Its sales of aerospace and defense products rose 42 per cent in 1967 to $330 million, 31 per cent of the company's total sales. The Honeywell Annual Report for 1967 attributes this increase largely to "the planned diversification into new air-delivered weapons for the Air Force," plus equipment for the Navy. The word "antipersonnel" does not appear in the report.

Honeywell does not say "our cluster bombs kill cheaply and efficiently"; rather, their statements are couched in the language of prosperity and careful planning:

> Conventional weapon programs promising steady growth potential in future years include the Navy's Rockeye munition-dispenser system and several aerially delivered mine-dispenser systems, which went into volume production during the year.

A Honeywell stockholder will have very little idea what this is all about unless he knows that Rockeye and others of the "new air-delivered weapons" are antipersonnel.

The military services are also not eager to be explicit. A military witness was being somewhat pressed at a Congressional hearing in 1966:

> MR. SIKES (D., Fla.): In the justification I note this: "The Rockeye II is a cluster bomb which contains antitank and antipersonnel bomblets." Does that mean one or the other and not both in the same cluster?
>
> ADMIRAL SHINN (Chief, Bureau of Naval Weapons): They are the same, sir. They spread and if you have a concentration of personnel, would be damaging to the personnel. . . .
>
> MR. SIKES: Surely a bomblet effective against people is not necessarily effective against tanks.
>
> COMMANDER HALEY: Basically this is a shaped-charge head. It is the same as we use on rockets and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 22, August 5, August 19 and August 26.

many other items. The fringe benefit that you derive from this is the antipersonnel effect.

From a UPI dispatch to the San Francisco *Examiner*, January 2:

> Fighting against being overrun, the 500 Americans lowered their artillery barrels and boomed round after round of "beehive" shells into the human waves of guerrillas. Each "beehive" shell exploded into hundreds of half-inch darts that shredded the Vietcong. . . .

Flechettes (small darts), according to a U.S. officer quoted by the AP, sometimes pin enemy soldiers to trees. What with shredding, pinning and other forms of "damage," the fringe benefits of antipersonnel weapons seem endless. But no one wants to talk about them.

Insanity as Usual

Recurrently, under the existing political setup, one gets the feeling that reason cannot prevail in any matter pertaining to armaments. In the June 23 *New York Times*, there appeared a letter by Jerome B. Wiesner—provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, science adviser to President Kennedy, and a spokesman for most members of the scientific and technological communities—in reference to the so-called "thin" defense system against future Chinese intercontinental missiles. As marshaled by Wiesner, the arguments against deployment of this miscalled "Sentinel" were devastating, but he might as well have been shouting down a rainbarrel.

On June 24, by a 52-to-34 vote, the Senate defeated a move to postpone deployment of Sentinel, initially submitted by the Administration as a small ($5.5 billion) defense against a weak Chinese ICBM threat. Now the Administration is also swinging to all-out anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) systems in the $40 billion to $100 billion range, designed to ward off Soviet ICBMs.

Wiesner said he was baffled by the logic which held that U.S. offensive missile power is adequate to deter a Soviet missile attack but that we had to have a shield against the relatively weak nuclear attack which the Chinese might be in a position to mount in the seventies. He noted that three Presidential science advisers besides himself had opposed deployment of an anti-Soviet system for the reason that it would only accelerate the arms race. Sentinel, moreover, is already obsolete. Wiesner said, "By the time a defensive system is supposedly perfected, the offense has long since developed a means of overcoming it." The Senate ignored all this sound advice.

And it did so at a time when the world is looking to the United States for some sign that it is willing to take concrete steps toward nuclear disarmament, instead of merely asking other nations to refrain from equipping themselves while the existing nuclear powers hold onto their monopoly. It makes a mockery of President Johnson's pledge to the UN to "search for an agreement that will not only avoid another costly and futile escalation of the arms race but will de-escalate it." What the President says is one thing; what he does is quite another.

The Administration's sponsorship of Sentinel (at a time when the federal budget is to be cut) and the Senate's action (so nicely synchronized with the demolition of Resurrection City) make it the more imperative to nominate and elect candidates, for both legislative and Executive office, who will not be bindly subservient to military persuasion.

California's 'Sick Campuses'

In a letter sent recently to trustees of the California State Colleges, Gov. Ronald Reagan deplored the "climate of violence" which has been created, so he claims, by the campuses. "A sick campus community in California in many ways is responsible for a sick community around those campuses," he said—offering another of his simplistic explanations for the chaos in California. It might be recalled that Governor Reagan promised during his campaign to stop the "chaos on the campuses," but his administration has presided over a deterioration of the educational scene. That is because just the opposite of what he said is true: a sick society creates turmoil on the campuses, especially when idealistic young people confront the hypocrisies of American society.

One of the biggest problems for the campuses of the California state college system is the fact that they are inadequately financed, almost to the point of desperation. They are sick because they are being starved to death—this in California, the richest state in the nation. Reagan has performed a "political miracle" in California: he has drastically cut services (especially those which aid the poor and defenseless) while raising taxes. One result of his economics has been that the state college system has declined to the point where it is, without doubt, second-rate.

The faculty turnover rate in the state colleges was more than 10 per cent last year—almost twice as much as it should have been, according to the Coordinating Council for Higher Education, which lists 6 per cent as acceptable. The percentage of professors holding Ph.D.s has dropped from 47 per cent in 1964-65 to 34 per cent in 1967-68. It is estimated that some 1,100 full-time and 700 part-time positions have yet to be filled for next year. At San Francisco State, where the History Department lost four senior members this year, it is estimated that at least 8,000 students will be turned away in the fall for lack of facilities, and that some 10 per cent of the faculty positions will not be filled by permanent staff. Into the gap will step the ubiquitous and always exploited graduate student.

But Reagan is the philosopher of the "creative society," and it may be expected that he will soon put an end to sickness on the campuses—even if he has to put an end to the campuses themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

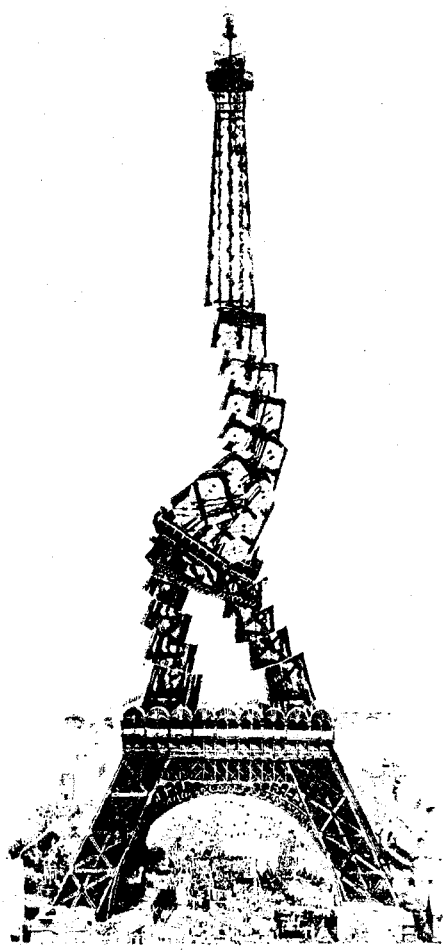
THE CLEVERNESS OF DE GAULLE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

It must be said that de Gaulle played his hand more cleverly than anyone else—certainly more cleverly than Mitterrand, head of the Socialist opposition, who at the height of the May crisis proposed himself for the Presidency; than Mendès-France, who offered himself as Premier; or than Giscard D'Estaing, who could see himself in either capacity and who had demanded the government's resignation before de Gaulle's dramatic return to Paris.

De Gaulle, the good psychologist, cashed in on the strike of 10 million and the violent student disorders, playing them up as a menace to the Republic. The general public, especially in the provinces, was genuinely afraid of civil war and economic chaos. De Gaulle declared France threatened by "totalitarian communism," which doesn't necessarily mean the French Communist Party. It avowedly did not consider the situation revolutionary and was content to press for economic concessions to the strikers. The real revolutionaries were the various minor student groups and a small section of the workers; and no one yet knows the extent to which the 1848-type barricades and street violence were the work of government *agents provocateurs*, eager to create the nation-wide panic which served de Gaulle so well. Time will also show whether de Gaulle's appeal to the army in Germany and the price he paid Massu and the other generals—the release from jail of Salan and the other OAS leaders—wasn't in part intended to attract into the Gaullist ranks extreme Right elements, including the Algerian repatriates.



It seems psychologically improbable that de Gaulle is ganging up with men like Massu, who loathe him for abandoning Algeria, or with Salan whom he wanted condemned to death in 1962 when the court, much to de Gaulle's anger, imposed only a life sentence. Fear of chaos alone explains the overall success of the Gaullists at the polls, the reduction of the Communist vote from 22 per cent to 20 per cent, and the poor showing of Mitterrand, Mollet, Mendès-France and the other left wingers. Mendès-France, in particular, hurt himself by fraternizing with "the revolutionary students," who rebelled not only against the established bourgeois order but also against the regular Communist Party.

The election results suggest a return to "law and order." But what kind? The Spanish press is triumphant, saying that Franco, Salazar and de Gaulle now form a splendid West European front against communism. This suggests for France some kind of Fascist state, with Civic Action para-military formations of the sort de Gaulle mentioned in May. I am perhaps optimistic, but de Gaulle must know that what French opinion can be made to accept is not his abortive quasi-Fascist "French People's Rally" of 1947-53 but the liberal autocracy with an obedient parliament of the last ten years. It is probable that the technological managerial class shares this opinion. Moreover, they know that the French Communist Party, despite the Gaullist election slogans, is no threat and that of all the anti-government forces during the May crisis the Communist C.G.T. Labor Federation was the most moderate.

At the moment, it seems more likely that de Gaulle will support the big business, managerial classes rather than the fundamentally anti-Gaullist elements represented by the French Army, the Algerians, et al., though he may keep Roger Frey's Civic Action Committees in reserve against another nation-wide flare-up. The real danger would be that de Gaulle was not pretending to be scared on May 29 but genuinely was so. In that case he might go ahead with his "participation," which recalls the labor-capital association of unholy R.P.F. memory.

In any case, formidable economic difficulties lie ahead. In regard to foreign policy, everything suggests that de Gaulle will continue along his earlier lines, though he may find it awkward to maintain a *rapprochement* with the East after his denunciations of the Communists. Nevertheless, relations between de Gaulle and the Russian Embassy here continue on the most cordial basis. Both seem to be doing everything possible to help in the American-Vietnamese talks, about which the Soviet Ambassador, whom I saw last week, seemed remarkably optimistic. The difficulties, he said, now come mainly from China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEFT, RIGHT AND YANKEE

THE BLOOD OF GUATEMALA

GEORGIE ANNE GEYER
Miss Geyer is a correspondent on Latin America for the Chicago Daily News. *Her book,* The New Latins, *will be published by Putnam's next spring.*

Just a year ago, a bellboy of the Hotel Panamerican in Guatemala City handed me an envelope, postmarked the day before in the capital and giving no return address. I opened it and found a letter signed by the new rightist terrorist group called La Mano Blanca, The White Hand. Across the single sheet of plain white paper was printed the outline of a hand. The message was quite clear: interspersed with vulgarities it warned that I would be killed if I attempted to go to the mountains with the Marxist guerrillas.

For a while, the letter troubled me. But, after I showed it to a few associates at the embassy and to people in Guatemalan political circles, I almost forgot about it. The White Hand, they assured me, was only a group of slightly mad letter writers. One friend was convinced that The White Hand is one man who sits at a typewriter all day, writing dirty letters to people he doesn't like.

Now, a year later, it is obvious how tragically wrong we all were. Today, organizations like The White Hand, indirectly supported by American military aid, have set Guatemala on a course of savage destruction. Intent on wiping out the Communist guerrillas, they have been indiscriminately killing Communists, leftists, democrats and innocent bystanders.

When they kidnaped Archbishop Mario Casariego on March 16, their daring reached its peak. They seized the ailing clergyman, and his car, as he returned from Mexico and held him captive for several days, hoping that the very effrontery of the act would bring crowds into the streets and eventually topple the shaky government of President Julio César Mendez Montenegro.

Instead, a nation-wide search began. President Mendez urged loyal Catholics not to demonstrate and implored the country to remain calm. Three days later, the archbishop and his chauffeur walked into the cathedral in the town of Quetzaltenango and the clergyman asked, "Please call for help, we've been released."

For a few days there was no explanation as to the identity of the kidnapers. Then the national police issued a public bulletin attributing the act to The White Hand and acknowledged that the band had expected it could force the government to step down because it would be unable to maintain public order. Raul Laurenzano, the hoodlum military chief of the Hand, was named in the bulletin, and, to the surprise of many Guatemalans, so was Roberto Alejos. Alejos immediately went into hiding. This involvement clearly shows the form of events taking place in Guatemala. Alejos is a wealthy coffee and sugar grower, president of several landowners' associations, and a man with a dramatic past in Guatemalan-American relations. It was the pro-American Alejos who offered his hacienda to the CIA to be used to train men for the Bay of Pigs invasion. Today, he is charged with being one of the most brutal counter-terrorists in all of Latin American history.

But "the archbishop affair," while it shook the shaky country even more than most of the bizarre events that occur there, was only one in a long series. The estimates of people killed within the past year in this troubled little country of 4.5 million persons range between 1,000 and 2,000. The carnage shows no signs of abating. The Communist guerrillas, formed in 1963 as the Rebel Armed Forces (FAR), react to rightist savagery with an equal measure of their own terror.

It was typical of the FAR that, early in January, they assassinated Col. John D. Webber, Jr., and Lieut. Comdr. Ernest A. Munro of the American military mission. [See "Guatemala: Why They Shoot Americans" by Norman Diamond, *The Nation*, February 5.] The guerrillas have always taken the position that the United States was guilty, because of its continued intervention in Guatemalan affairs, for the country's unhappy situation. To kill Americans was simply to pinpoint the blame.

The murders, moreover, were carried out in revenge for the rightist murder of Rogelia Cruz, Miss Guatemala of 1959, who sympathized with and probably worked for the guerrillas. She had been raped, beaten, stabbed and shot.

But the *cause célèbre* that shook many observers of the Guatemalan scene most—and the case that perhaps highlights the deep disintegration taking place there—was the expulsion of four Maryknoll clergy from the country in January. Father Thomas Melville, his brother, Father Arthur Melville, Father Blase Bonpane and Sister Marian Peter had opened contacts with the guerrillas, their order admitted. The Guatemalan Government told Maryknoll that either the offending clergy must leave the country or the order would be barred.

What actually happened was that the Maryknoll representatives met with some of the guerrillas. They then decided to form a "Christian guerrilla front" composed of Catholic revolutionaries. They planned to work in the Huehuetenango area, as an arm of the Marxist movement. As far as American and Latin American priests know, this was a "first" of its kind in Latin history.

When these activities were uncovered, an emotion-charged thirty-two-hour meeting followed and the clergy left the country. Three of them went to Mexico City. Sixteen students they had trained for the front followed them—students who smuggled themselves across the border and can never go home again.

The desperation and growing conviction of these four that Guatemalan life cannot be changed by peaceful means, their reasoning and their actions are gaining increasing acceptance among liberal priests in Latin America. "No one wants violence," Father Bonpane said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vadillo, La Prensa (Mexico)

when he left Guatemala, "but when you have American power thrown behind the 2 per cent of the people who own 80 per cent of the land, and supporting a right-wing army that shoots reformers on the spot as 'Communists,' violence is already institutionalized."

And so the battle is joined: two obdurate, implacable extremes, locked in a death struggle, while the middle group flails its arms helplessly. Guatemala's tragedy is that it is frozen in a totally unresolved and unresolvable conflict, with both sides determined, unregenerate, unyielding, and sufficiently matched so as to maintain an endlessly drawn-out conflict.

Since Mendez took power two years ago, the first hopeful sign for the middle group came after the archbishop's kidnaping. For the first time, the President was able to garner enough power to get rid of the top men in the armed forces—men who were openly identified with the Hand. He dismissed three offenders at 9 A.M. on March 28 and at 1 P.M. called a press conference, announcing that all were to be given diplomatic posts—the classic Latin way of kicking undesirables, not upstairs but abroad. He removed the Minister of Defense, Col. Rafael Ariaga Bosque, who had just returned from red-carpet military treatment in the United States; Col. Carlos Arana, who had repeatedly threatened a rightist coup against the government, and Col. Manuel Francisco Sosa Avila, the commander of the National Police. The new defense minister, Col. Rolando Chinchilla Aguilar, formerly chief of the Guatemalan West Point and minister of education, went on the radio, urging both sides to make peace and lay down their arms. (On June 20, the government announced that the state of siege which had prevailed in the country since January 1 had been lifted and constitutional rights restored. Henry Giniger, reporting in *The New York Times,* attributed the new "state of optimism" to the decline of rightist terrorism following the diplomatic exile of the colonels.)

But while this step by President Mendez is doubtless the most promising since his election, it is unlikely to secure either peace or tranquillity in the near future. Despite the archbishop affair and the military shake-up, there is no evidence that the Hand has been broken. The guerrillas have been largely driven out of their mountain retreat in the Sierra de las Minas, but they have now recouped in the city—one of the first instances in Latin American history that a guerrilla movement has centered its activities in an urban area.

When I went to the mountains with the guerrillas in November, 1966, it was quite different. Then they were following the very essence of the peasant war philosophy of Mao and Castro—the peasant army, formed in the mountains, sweeping down on the evil cities.

The FAR had been formed in 1963 when a handsome young ex-lieutenant in the Guatemalan military, Luis Turcios, deserted the Trotskyite movement of another ex-officer, Marco Antonio Yon Sosa. The movement included students (the largest element by far), peasants and workers. Its spirit was that of the New Left among the Latin American Communists. Like Castro, it deified action and scoffed at the old Moscow-line Communists, who eschew violence. For a while its members maintained a working relationship with the Guatemalan Labor Party, the local Communist Party, but, in February, they broke completely with the party.

The FAR was always a clever group of youngsters, adept at terror. Their specialty was kidnaping big landowners for $75,000 a head, killing marked people and robbing banks. I asked César Montes, the commander after Turcios was killed in an automobile accident, whether they got money from Cuba. Visibly annoyed by the question, he replied: "You've heard about our kidnapings and our bank robberies. You know we're self-supporting."

Just before I went to the mountains to see Montes and his band, the government, for the first time, dispatched 3,000 troops against them and the real war was on. The guerrillas accepted the fight as a challenge and took great pride in sneaking me in and out, under the nose of the military.

We left Guatemala City at 10 P.M., drove through a state of siege, with soldiers on every corner, and stopped the car at a dark portion of the road. From there we walked into the mountains in darkness. They hid me for twenty-four hours in a shack on one of the big haciendas—the "underground railroad" into the mountains.

The guerrillas prayed constantly for overt American involvement. One afternoon, sitting on the side of a mountain, the ground mottled with spots of sun that sifted through the trees, I talked to a German-educated guerrilla named Miguel, now dead. I enjoyed talking with him and he confided: "We hope the Green Berets will come. We want them to come. Then those who say now, we won't take part, will join us against the foreign invaders."

The small and slim César Montes, who was sick that day and spent most of it sprawled on the ground, lifted his head and said in his wry way, "Then they can say they are fighting against the North Guatemalans."

There were perhaps 200 guerrillas in the mountains and about 4,000 in the whole movement, including members located in urban groups. They were at that time uniting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Yon Sosa, the Trotskyite (they were having an "exchange of guerrillas" to get started, they told me). Today, they not only work closely with him but Yon Sosa was this winter named the new chief of the movement.

Driven back to the cities by the government's counter-insurgency program, the guerrillas were doing well and held the offensive until The White Hand and other rightist groups were formed and terrorism and counter-terrorism began on a major scale.

How the rightist groups operate is no secret in Guatemala. They are directed and supported by a clique of big landowners who each contributed $1,000 when the organization was founded in 1966. Those who did not give willingly were kidnaped by the Hand, usually for a $75,000 ransom. Since this is the same fee that the guerrillas charge, it almost constitutes price fixing.

These groups, ironically, rose directly out of the National Liberation movement, which was inaugurated in 1954 with U.S. backing, to overthrow the pro-Communist, Jacobo Arbenz. The ultra-rightist Castillo Armas was to be placed in power. His backers were fanatically Catholic, in the old traditional sense. They saw Communists everywhere and thought they were fighting for a traditionally structured and hierarchical society.

Indirectly, through the participation of Guatemalan officers and soldiers in these rightist groups, the United States is still supporting them. About 50 per cent of Guatemalan officers are trained in the United States. However, little of the American military ideas and rationale rubs off on them.

"The guerrillas have a Marxist philosophy," one American military attaché in Guatemala commented, "and all we have to counter that is a few pamphlets on democracy. The recruits come back anti-Communist, but nothing else is accomplished."

About $2 million of Guatemala's $14 million annual military budget comes from American military aid. In addition, AID money goes to training the Guatemalan police. ("We give them arms for security," one American official commented, "and if they use them to put down a riot, well there's nothing we can do about it.")

But American influence on the Guatemalan military goes far beyond financial support. During the 1966 elections, fearing that street riots would erupt and give the guerrillas a chance to take power, the American military advisers were feeding intelligence to the Guatemalan army, which had no intelligence section. Since then, American military and Green Beret trainers have helped train the troops in anti-guerrilla tactics. The most ominous creation was a group of several hundred vigilantes—armed peasants who were sent out into the mountains to kill guerrillas and "anyone expected of sympathizing."

"A lot of White Hand people were deputized," says one high American official, "and they took care of their personal vendettas."

Whether Americans were directly involved in training the vigilantes is open to question, but certainly the support and funds given the military seep down to them. A possible connection worries some of the highest of Washington's Latin America policy makers.

"I don't know what role the American military played in the formation of the vigilantes," Sol Linowitz, American ambassador to the Organization of American States, told me recently, "but I intend to find out. Vigilantes are always a dangerous business."

It would not be the first time that the United States has intervened in Guatemala. The 1954 coup against Arbenz was Washington's creation and was followed by three years of a total military dictatorship. By 1963 a moderate, General Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, had been elected President. However, it looked as though Ydigoras might be succeeded that year by a man who had leftist tendencies though he was not a Communist. Again the United States moved. With Washington's help, Ydigoras was overthrown and again a three-year rightist military dictatorship was installed. [See Warren Sloat's review of *The Guatemala Traveler,* p. 26 this issue.]

Clearly, it was during this three-year period, when there was no movement forward at all in the country, that the guerrilla movement developed and so did the level of desperation. For while in most Latin countries social progress is at a standstill, in Guatemala, the march is resolutely backward. In 1950, 70 per cent of the people lived on a subsistence level. By 1963 the percentage had moved to 73. From 1950 to 1964, while the GNP increased, the per capita income of the rural population (70 per cent of the people) dropped from $87 to $83.

The mood in the country by the time elections were held in March, 1966, was so foreboding that society ladies used the constant explosions as signals for putting more money in the bridge-game pot. One large landowner who used to give his peasants statues of the Peruvian saint, Saint Martin de Porres, the "example of humility," recently stopped. Local priests were agitating for labor unions and the owner had become disillusioned with the church and its symbolism which had served his purpose so well for so long.

The popular dissatisfaction with military rule emerged dramatically in the 1966 elections. Although seeming in full control of the electoral machinery and of the massive (65 per cent) Indian vote, the military lost the election to the only civilian candidate, the dapper former law professor Mendez Montenegro. For weeks after the election, the electoral board refused to release figures. Correspondents' questions were met with ingenious explanations—the votes were coming in by mule packs and the mules hadn't arrived.

When Mendez did take power, his hands were tied. He was forced into a written pact with the armed forces by which he agreed not to touch the military or go too far with reforms, and they in turn agreed to let him stay in power. Both Mendez and the American embassy consistently took the position that staying in power for the four years, even if he did nothing, would be enough of an accomplishment.

But for the increasingly restive youth of the country, it was not enough. As one of the guerrillas told me at the time, "Even if Mendez stays in power, if he can't do anything, it is just another example to us that democracy can't work."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far, nothing *has* worked. Mendez's mild agrarian reform, which aimed at turning over seven government-owned estates to the peasants that worked them, managed in the end to turn over only two estates. In a country where tax receipts are among the very lowest in the world, the government was forced by the opposition to rescind even a small tax on goods and services that would have financed development. Nonetheless, the wealthy coffee growers insist that the government continue to underwrite their crops.

If Mendez can control the military and if he can even now begin to initiate some reforms, there still may be hope for this ravaged country. But American officials are not optimistic.

"His record of achievement is discouraging," one top American official working in Guatemala says. "His reform program is constantly attacked as communistic and he is so involved in counterinsurgency, there is no time for anything else. Besides, our new foreign aid legislation requires self-help. In Guatemala, there has been a noted lack of administrative zeal over this."

Perhaps the most depressing factor about the entire Guatemalan saga is the growing desperation of so many of the youth. They are beginning to echo the words of the rebels in Santo Domingo and the students in South Vietnam who, when faced by a situation they felt never could be resolved, turned toward sacrificial death as their only offering to history.

As Father Bonpane said of the "Christian guerrillas" he was helping to train: "One lad told me eighty of his friends were shot last year. He also told me, 'Well, Jesus told us the seed had to fall into the ground and die or it would remain by itself, alone.

" 'I think, Father, that we are the seed of the new order, and I think that the first and most difficult thing we have to do is lose our fear of death.' "

A MAN MAY CHOOSE

The Case for Selective Pacifism

CARL COHEN
Mr. Cohen teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Conscience is the term loosely employed by each man to identify the set of moral principles he personally holds fundamental; our conscience bothers us, we say, when we are aware of a discrepancy between how we act and what we profess. Sometimes the conscience of an individual and the accepted standards of his society come into conflict. When a man believes that, in order to act in good conscience, he must do what is condemned by the great majority of his fellow citizens and by the laws of his state, he faces an agonizing dilemma. He recognizes a general obligation to obey the law, but he is deeply convinced (rightly or wrongly) that he has a more compelling moral obligation to refrain from doing what the law commands. If the law is clear and offers no alternatives, and his principles are clear and admit of no exceptions, he must (unless he leaves the community altogether) either act lawfully and not conscientiously, or conscientiously and not lawfully.

To avoid forcing such dilemmas upon good and law-abiding, but eccentric, citizens many modern governments introduce conscientious objection clauses into some legislation, most notably into laws which conscript citizens for military service. It is a mark of sophistication and self-restraint that governments provide such lawful alternatives. Conscientious objection clauses are tacit admissions that war, as an instrument of national policy, is at least morally questionable. They are explicit recognitions that in matters of life and death strong moral convictions may oblige good men to defy their own governments, and they are concrete manifestations of respect for individuals and for the honest and deeply felt moral positions they may hold.

Conscientious objection to military conscription in the United States today is governed by the Military Selective Service Act of 1967. Section 6 (j) of that act reads:

> Nothing contained in this title shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combatant training and service in the armed forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. As used in this subsection, the term "religious training and belief" does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views, or a merely personal moral code. . . .

I put aside for the present the requirement here imposed that conscientious objection be "by reason of religious training and belief." It is an unjust requirement, favoring those who profess religious beliefs over those who do not, and the Supreme Court has partly recognized this by expanding (in *U.S.* v. *Seeger* 380 US 163) the concept of religious belief as widely as possible.

The more immediate concern of many Americans today is the requirement that those who would invoke the protection of this subsection must be "conscientiously opposed to participation in war *in any form*." This means, in practice, that only thoroughgoing pacifists may qualify. One who would gladly fight for his country under some circumstances, but who will not do so when he honestly believes the war in progress is unjust, is disqualified. Our law does not recognize what is frequently the case: deeply conscientious objection to a particular war.

No one can deny that moral principles with differing contents, differing degrees of generality, and differing claims of absoluteness may be held and practiced by dif-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferent persons with equal conscientiousness. A man may believe that he must never, under any circumstances, do a certain thing; or he may believe that he must not do such a thing except under certain rare and compelling circumstances. In either case he may be wholly conscientious. And it is *conscientious* objection which, in theory, the law aims to respect.

The requirement, therefore, that to qualify as a conscientious objector one must be opposed to war in *any* form is gravely unjust. It discriminates among citizens, regarding their qualification for an established legal protection, on the basis of the *content* of their moral principles. But conscientiousness cannot depend upon the content or the sweep of the principle that one is upholding.

The question of whether or not citizens have a natural right to conscientious objection does not arise here; conscientious action is protected by statute. As a matter of justice, this protection of the law should be extended to all who are conscientiously opposed to military service, and not reserved for some only, because of their special beliefs. The law should be amended so as to recognize conscientious objection to a particular war or kind of war.

The refusal to recognize conscientious objection to particular wars is unwise as well as unjust. The world being as confusing as it is, and human affairs as complex as they are, principles of the form "*Always* do . . ." or "*Never* do . . ." are almost sure to lead to error through oversimplification; while principles of a more limited scope, though also uncertain, have a far better chance of approximating the truth. We do well, therefore, to credit the conscientious man with limited principles, rather than to discredit him because his principles are limited.

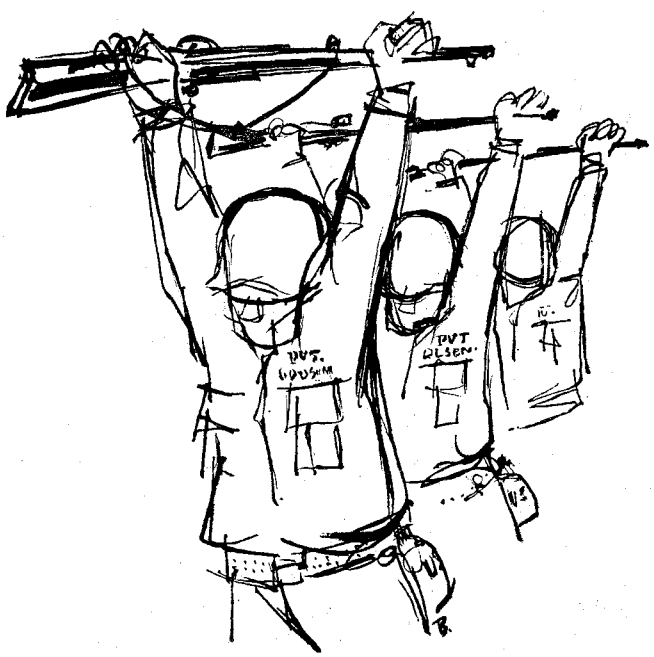
Such limitation, after all, is the normal product of rational reflection and analysis. We do not find fault with the criminal law because it punishes many forms of violence but excuses violence resorted to in self-defense. We do not say: "If the law were really moral it would punish *all* violence or none at all." We dismiss sweeping generalizations of that sort as naive, crude, inadequate to deal with the complexity of human activity. Similarly, in matters of national conduct, we do not say to another country —e.g., Great Britain—that to be moral, or to be conscientious, it must fight whenever offended, or forgo all resort to war. We honor the British for their battles against the Kaiser and the Third Reich, but condemn their imperialistic wars under King George III, their naval war of 1812, and their recent military adventures in Suez. So others may look at us, and so we may look at ourselves.

The same reasonableness and willingness to make essential discriminations must be employed in appraising the character and conduct of individuals. It is absurd to demand of individuals that the principles they employ be of *universal* scope, when the laws, nations and individuals we most respect are always making careful distinctions in the application of moral principles.

Note that those who refuse to allow conscientious objection to a particular war, but permit it to *all* war, admit the competence of the individual to judge the morality of a *means* (war, killing, etc.) but not his competence to judge the morality of an *end* (dictatorship, democracy, national power, etc.). To put this more exactly, while they may think the conscientious objector gravely mistaken in his judgments, they are prepared to honor the conscientiousness of those judgments when expressed about means, but not when expressed about ends. Therefore, when reflecting about the conduct of his country, the citizen is obliged (on their view) to apply his principles without regard to the objectives sought. He is not permitted effectively to ask, "Is this means justified by this end?" He is permitted to say "I *never* kill," and (if he says that truly) he will be excused. But let him once admit that under certain circumstances he will kill, it must then be presumed that he is not able to judge where or when it is appropriate for him to do so in matters of national concern.

Even if the reasons given for this presumption were good, it would be important to recognize the unhappy consequences of proceeding as we do. By compelling the citizen to accept or reject certain means (i.e., war) in the sphere of his own nation's conduct, *without exception*, we punish, in effect, his effort to draw morally essential discriminations. We refuse any citizen the opportunity to weigh ends and means together, as one must if he is to make refined and sensitive moral judgments, whether of his own acts or of another's. This refusal invites, sometimes forces, that very disparity of ends and means which is so disastrous in social affairs, and which we so vehemently and rightly condemn in the conduct of other nations.

I do not claim here that all conscientious objection, or all conscientious objection to a particular war, is objectively right or justifiable; I am not sure how that objective rightness (or wrongness) is to be determined. But I do insist that conscientious objection to a particular war may be *as* right and *as* justifiable as the conscientious objection we now permit. Moreover, since conscientious objection of the more specific sort involves the reflective consideration of means and ends, it is more likely, rather than less likely, to be the outcome of an intelligent and reliable moral judgment. And in any event, the opportunity to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weigh ends as well as means certainly does not keep the objector from being fully and profoundly conscientious.

Why has conscientious objection to a specific war been refused a hearing? I cannot be certain what the actual considerations motivating that refusal have been, but the reasons commonly given for it do not stand up on careful examination.

(1) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war would be to commit national suicide. War is a matter of life or death for the nation; if individual citizens were permitted to object on grounds of personal convictions, the danger to all would be too great to tolerate.*

This objection derives superficial plausibility from the truth that war is sometimes a matter of national life or death; when at war a nation is in great danger. But the claim that permitting conscientious objection to a given war will significantly increase that danger cannot be substantiated and is almost certainly false. When a nation goes to war, for whatever cause, the vast majority of its citizens rally to its flag. The number who have refused to fight on grounds of conscience has historically been very small; even if the category of conscientious objectors were widened as I propose, there is every reason to believe that the number who would openly hold their nation to be morally wrong would constitute no significant threat to national safety. Even the present war in Vietnam—for which there is more moral repugnance and articulate objection than for any previous war in American history—would bring forth only a small minority who, when called to serve, would refuse on grounds of conscience. This objection grossly underestimates the passion of our citizens (and that of the citizens of most countries) for their national welfare, and their general readiness to respond, particularly in times of crisis, to the requests of their elected leaders.

From a strictly military point of view, moreover, the elimination from the armed services of those who believe that a particular war is wrong would be a measure increasing safety, not risk. If fighting in that war offends against their deepest moral principles, such objectors would make poor soldiers. The number of persons involved is not likely to shake national security one way or the other, but if degree of military risk is the chief consideration, that risk is likely to be lowest if the prosecution of such a war in no way depends upon would-be conscientious objectors.

(2) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war (even if doing so does not increase risk) is wholly unreasonable because it gives too much authority to the individual. In a law-governed community individual citizens cannot be allowed to decide for themselves whether fighting in a given war is or is not in accord with their moral principles.*

This objection is profoundly mistaken, but it is commonly voiced, and even more commonly given tacit or indirect support. Why is it so widely believed that it is somehow wrong or improper to recognize in each citizen the right to decide for himself whether his nation's cause (or conduct) is just? In part it is an irrational consequence of blind love for fatherland, and unreasoned deference to those in authority. But where this objection is given some rational support, it usually takes the form of one or more of three principles, often unclearly formulated, each of which is itself mistaken, though possessing a germ of truth.

(a) *Once the majority (or its instrument) has spoken, the nation acts; the individual citizen may not refuse to go along with these decisions and acts.*

There is some truth here. The citizen does have an obligation to abide by the decisions of the body politic, especially in a democracy where he had at least a right to participate in making those decisions. But it is not necessarily the case that this obligation to go along with the lawful decisions of his community overrides *all other* obligations he may have. He *may* have a yet more compelling obligation to refuse to abide by the decision of the majority if, after careful reflection, he concludes that it calls for conduct which to him is morally intolerable.

(b) *The conflict of moral obligation with national loyalty does not arise in* this *country. Conscientious objection to a particular war is unnecessary in a country which is never wrong, and never acts immorally.*

This supposition, that Americans (or the citizens of one's own nation, whichever it may be) are made of nobler, finer stuff than the rest of humanity, and that somehow our national acts exhibit a purity and integrity that cannot reasonably be questioned, is terribly naive; because it blinds us to the serious mistakes we do make on occasion and hinders our efforts to correct them, it is also extremely dangerous.

(c) *Our nation may, on rare occasion, act wrongly, perhaps immorally. But it is never within the competence of an individual citizen to determine that error, or to guide his conduct on the basis of such a finding, in opposition to his lawful government.*

If not individuals, who then may detect our moral wrongs—the gods alone? Individual citizens not only may but must pass judgment upon the acts of their government. There is too much likelihood that they will be strongly biased in favor of their own, that they will give every benefit of doubt or interpretation to their leaders, and where a wrong is evident, that they will judge too leniently. But judge they must. Of course no man is competent to decide such questions for another, or for all, and here lies the apparent plausibility of this third principle. When the community must act, and must judge its own acts, no single citizen may presume to act or judge for it. But if, in spite of all the considerations of loyalty and private interest which must dispose him to side with his government, the individual citizen is constrained to conclude that it is behaving with gross immorality, it is surely his duty to act in accord with that judgment, recognizing that he speaks only for himself, and that he may be in error.

The danger, in short, lies not in giving too much authority to the individual but in giving him too little. In matters of deep moral principle nobody can relieve the individual of his responsibility to exercise his moral judgment; all that the state can do is make it harder or easier for him to act in accord with that judgment. Present provisions for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscientious objectors are commendable insofar as they do ease that task for some; it remains to recognize in law the truly conscientious objection of others.

(3) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war (even if it were clearly just to do so) is simply not practical. To give each citizen the privilege of opting out when the situation becomes dangerous or critical is to invite chaos.*

The plausibility of this objection depends wholly upon the supposition that being a conscientious objector to a particular war is merely a matter of "opting out." This is not so. Whoever claims to be a conscientious objector must make specific application for that status, must undergo intense, thorough examination by the classifying agency. He must show convincingly, through his own testimony and that of his teachers or associates, that the moral scruples he professes are in fact part of his conscientiously held position. The status of conscientious objector is very far indeed from being a matter of simple option; it will be allowed only after a serious claim has been carefully documented and its truth solidly established.

Making such determinations, by Selective Service boards or equivalent agencies, will involve the expenditure of some time and energy. There may be some additional administrative complexities, and some small additional expense. But the trouble and expense are insignificant when contrasted with the moral good this policy would accomplish. Even were that resulting expense and inconvenience great (which is very unlikely) considerations of justice would oblige us to undertake the effort to identify conscientious objectors without discriminating as to the sweep or content of their moral views.

(4) *If conscientious objection to a particular war were permissible, the difficulty of determining the legitimacy of any particular application for that status would be so great as to encourage fakery. In consequence, many would simply lie their way out of military service.*

These predictions are very probably false, and they are based upon an assumption that is certainly false. The assumption is that, because moral matters are at issue, it is practically impossible to determine the legitimacy of a claim of conscientious objection. In reality, however, although the claims made are *about* moral views of which the truth is difficult to determine, the claims themselves are plainly factual, and can be thoroughly scrutinized and carefully tested. What has to be decided by the classifying agency is not the correctness of the moral convictions of the applicant but the objective truth or falsity of his claim that those are his convictions, and that the case at hand is a legitimate and necessary application of them. Even the objective facts about the war (insofar as these can be determined) are not the basic issue but rather the objector's conscientiously determined understanding of those facts.

On such matters it is practically impossible to lie so consistently and convincingly as to deceive an experienced board of examiners. Under present regulations, the danger of fakery is practically nil; were conscientiousness to be understood in the larger and more just way that I propose, the number of conscientious objectors might increase somewhat, but the danger of fakery need not increase at all. The social pressure inevitably applied against every conscientious objector would effectively keep the devious and the cowardly from even seeking that avenue of escape from military service.

Finally, even if it were true that with an enlarged conception of conscientious objection a few were to escape military service by deception who otherwise would not be able to do so, that is a price that can be paid by a society whose first concern is the humanity and justice of its laws. In the criminal courts we apply rules of evidence and procedure which may result in some who are guilty being acquitted, and we do so recognizing this consequence because such rules are essential for the protection of the innocent. To achieve that protection it is necessary that we develop considerable self-restraint in the trial of all persons accused of crime, and it is altogether right and a tribute to our society that we do this. In the context of military conscription, although the issue is not guilt or punishment, the same circumspection is called for. If we are obliged to raise an army by conscripting young citizens, we ought to apply rules and procedures which (although conceivably usable by very artful liars for selfish advantage) are designed to insure the protection and equal treatment of *all* those whose objections are genuinely conscientious.

The objections to the practicality and desirability of legislation permitting conscientious objection to a particular war are all very weak, and the reasons for its enactment are compelling. There is yet another consideration, however, beyond those already discussed, which weighs heavily in support of this proposed policy. Formally adopted, it would serve as a *safety* device, not simply for individuals but for the nation as a whole. War is so grave a matter, so thoroughly awful, that every nation needs, and ought to cultivate, the conscientious reflection of its individual citizens upon national conduct having such frightful consequences. Legislation which makes it possible for citizens, in their private capacities, to refuse participation in what honestly appears to them to be recklessness or irresponsibility on the part of their government could become a very wholesome restraint upon the impetuosity of some political leaders. Where there is the possibility that such conscientious objection may be widespread, it may even help to prevent grave international crimes by honorably motivated but narrow-minded or irrational leaders.

That is the really crushing answer to those who say: "If we permit conscientious objection to a particular war, so many may refuse to fight as to endanger the nation." The danger is nil if the nation's cause is just; its citizens will not fail it in time of crisis. But if large masses of citizens cannot conscientiously pursue the nation's course, at least through killing or force of arms, that may be the best of reasons for not engaging in that war, even at the cost of some temporary national loss of face.

Leo Tolstoy wrote, in *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* (1893):

> In early Christian times a soldier, Theodore, told the authorities that being a Christian he could not bear arms,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and when he was executed for this the responsible authorities quite sincerely regarded him as a madman and far from trying to conceal such an occurrence, exposed him to public scorn at the execution. But now when cases of refusals of military service occur more and more frequently, these cases are no longer regarded by the authorities as madness, but as a very dangerous awakening from madness, and the governments, far from holding such cases up to public scorn, carefully conceal them, knowing that the salvation of men from humiliation, enslavement and ignorance, will come about not by revolutions, trade-unions, peace-congresses, and books, but in the simplest way—by each man who is called upon to share in the infliction of violence on his fellow men and on himself, asking in perplexity: "But why should I do this?"

A national policy of permitting conscientious objection to military conscription in a given war would be not only eminently just and entirely practical but exceedingly wise. A nation allowing itself to be restrained by such considerations, tempered in its acts by the conscientious concerns of its individual citizens, acquires thereby a deeper and more long-lasting power than any military force can provide.

Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats

MICHAEL HARRIS
Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Huey P. Newton, 26, the militant black nationalist who founded the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, is charged with the murder of an Oakland policeman, and what amazes most of the white community is the persistent demand that Newton be freed from jail immediately and without trial. Newton's supporters do not concede that he is guilty as charged of slaying John Frey, a white policeman, in a pre-dawn gun battle last October 28. But for many, the question of guilt or innocence is irrelevant.

Stokely Carmichael said last February at a rally attended by 5,000 in the Oakland Auditorium Arena: "Brother Huey may or may not have wiped out that honkie, but at least it shows a progression. At least we're not getting (executed) for what we say. We're getting (executed) for what we do. When they (executed) Brother Malcolm, we did nothing. If they (execute) Brother Huey we got to retaliate! We got to retaliate!"

The lines had been drawn between the Black Panthers and the Oakland police long before Patrolman Frey saw a suspicious vehicle and radioed the Oakland police dispatcher: "I have a Panther car." For many months Police Chief Charles R. Gain of Oakland had been describing all Panthers as "criminals" and the Panthers had invariably referred to the police as "the pigs." The Panthers are young, they are armed and they are ready, as they have demonstrated, to claim the freedom and manhood they say has been taken from them. Their name, the leaders explain, is intended to be taken symbolically: "The Black Panther doesn't go looking for trouble. But if you corner him and he has to fight, he'll claw you apart."

Though the general public has known of the movement for more than a year, no one yet has offered an accurate estimate of its size. It seems, like so many revolutionary groups, to be rather small. Even the most sheltered residents of Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco encounter people, white and black, wearing buttons that read, "Free Huey Newton Now," but few of the wearers are Panthers.

Charles Howe of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who recently completed a thoughtful study of the Panthers, summarized the organization's goals:

> In essence, they are asking for:
> Total self-determination; full employment; removal of all white businesses from the ghetto; decent housing; education which teaches black history and "the true nature of this decadent American society. . . ."
> Military exemption for all blacks; an end to "police brutality and murder [and] freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails"; trial of all blacks by a jury of their peers—that is, poor and black ghetto residents: "we want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace."
> The Panthers maintain they and the black community have little or none of these things and they want them *right now*. No lengthy dialogues; no additional statutes on the books; no committees of review; but *right now*. And if they don't get these things right now, they maintain, the white power structure, by fudging on these requests, will provoke rioting and bloodshed which will, they believe, lead to bloody repression which, in turn, could lead to the liquidation of all black Americans.

This is a frightening program, frightening to the blacks who don't want to be liquidated and frightening to the police who are flabbergasted by the notion that all black men should be exempt from jail. The Panthers claim that they must arm themselves to keep from being gunned down, and the police, white and black, approach them with understandable caution. So it came as no great surprise that the encounter last fall between Newton and the police ended with a man dead in the street.

The minutes of the Alameda County Grand Jury, which meets in the county courthouse in Oakland, report that after Frey made his radio call the police dispatcher sent orders to Patrolman Herbert Heanes to go to the scene as "back-up officer." The jury was told that Newton presented Frey with a borrowed driver's license when he was asked to identify himself, but that Heanes recognized the Panther leader. Newton was ordered out of his car, and then the shooting erupted. Frey was fatally wounded, and Heanes was injured seriously.

There are conflicting reports about what happened in those moments, and Newton's supporters say there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was never any proof that he had a gun in his hand. Heanes, the surviving officer, testified that he did not see Newton holding a gun at any time. But according to the grand jury's report, the wounded Newton hailed a black motorist, pulled a gun on him, forced the man to drive to a hospital and bragged, "I just shot two dudes."

A jury of twelve Alameda County men and women will be charged, probably this summer, with the duty of listening to the conflicting stories and deciding where the truth lies. The murder trial has been postponed several times, but there is a reasonable chance that the process of picking jurors, hearing testimony and reaching a verdict will begin on July 8. However, while all of that may settle the fate of Huey Newton, the political arguments will roll on. Charles R. Garry, lawyer for the Panthers, is attempting to make legal history by challenging the right of a grand jury composed almost entirely of upper-middle-class whites to vote indictments on poor blacks.

A lawyer faced with the duty of saving his client's life and, if possible, restoring his liberty must work within the legal forms. On the other hand, the Black Panthers regard the legal forms themselves as part of the enemy apparatus, as straps holding the black community in a state of colonialism. The Panthers look upon the entry of any policeman, white or black, into the ghetto as an act of invasion, and maintain that officers who make such forays do so at their peril. The ghetto dweller has the right to repel the white establishment's policemen, so the argument goes, in the same way that any citizen has the right to fight off a foreign invader. In Newton's words, the police are to be classed as "an army of occupation."

It is a startling concept, and the Huey Newton case is only one of a series of episodes in which the Black Panthers have nonplused the public. The first came on February 21, 1967, when twenty Panthers, armed with pistols and shotguns (carried openly, as required by law) met the widow of Malcolm X at San Francisco International Airport and escorted her through the crowded terminal. No one was hurt, but many were frightened, and some of the most fervent defenders of the constitutional right to bear arms underwent instant conversion to the side of gun control.

Nor did the members of the California state legislature admire the graphic symbolism of the appearance in the Assembly chambers, during a debate on gun control on May 2, 1967, of twenty-six Black Panthers armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols. Legislators scuttled under desks or attempted to flee, and calm was not restored until capitol security officers had seized the weapons and removed the ammunition. The guns were then restored to the Panthers, who trooped out of the building. There was no gunfire, and there was also no doubt as to what the legislature would do about the proposal of the Oakland police to restrict the carrying of loaded weapons within city limits. A new bill was passed, and promptly signed by Governor Reagan.

It was not Newton but Bobby Seale, 31, who led the state capitol invasion. Seale is the Panthers' second in command, in charge of day-to-day party activities while the leader is in jail, and he told Charles Howe that he had not slept at home since the night of January 25 when police walked into his apartment and arrested him and his wife on charges of possessing a sawed-off shotgun. Seale is almost always on the move, showing up at rallies and then disappearing for the night to places where he hopes the police cannot find him.

Bobby Seale is protected by bodyguards and is still alive, but Bobby James Hutton, 17, the party's secretary, is not. He was shot and killed on the night of April 7 by Oakland police, following a running gun battle. Eldridge Cleaver, author of the recently published *Soul on Ice* [see review by Julian Mayfield, *The Nation*, May 13], and the party's minister of information, was wounded. Cleaver and seven other Panthers were indicted for attempted murder and assault with a deadly weapon.

Again, there are two versions of the story. Oakland police say that several Panthers have confessed that the officers were lured into an ambush. Police say that the bloodshed began when two patrolmen were shot in the back with shotguns when they stopped to investigate a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man crouched behind a parked car. According to the authorities other blacks started firing, and when some ran into a nearby house a ninety-minute gun battle commenced. Officers fired tear gas into the house and set the building on fire, forcing Hutton and Cleaver to leave with their hands over their heads. Police say they held their fire until Hutton broke for freedom.

The Black Panther Defense Fund has issued an account of the events, accusing the police of plotting the battle and of deliberately shooting Hutton when he stepped into a police searchlight. Cleaver, more cautious than Hutton, reportedly emerged naked from the house in order to deprive police of the pretext that he was carrying concealed weapons. He was not injured seriously, nor was either of the two policemen.

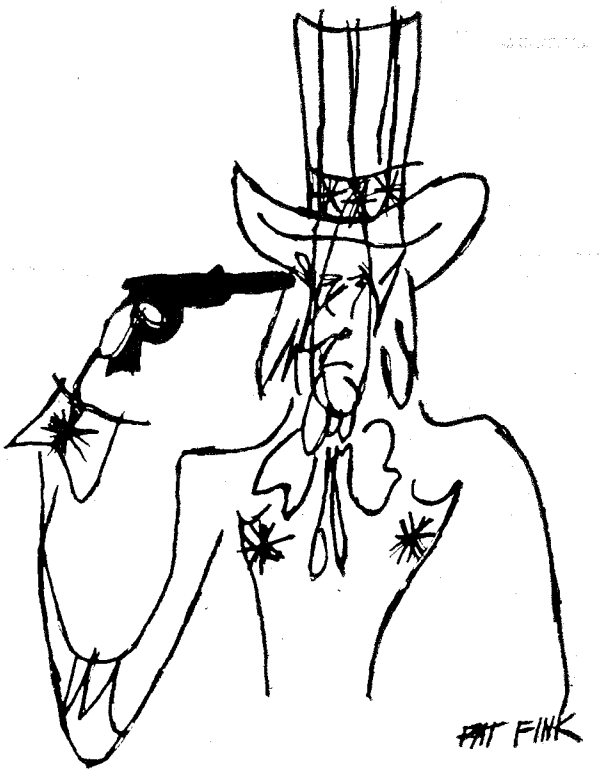
It will take some time to sort out the facts about Hutton's death, since it is easy to find witnesses who will relate either version of the story. But there is no doubt that the April 6 gun battle brought a profound change to the Black Panthers. Since then the party has been short of leaders and short of money.

Howe interviewed an agent who penetrated the Black Panthers for a law-enforcement organization. The man concluded, not surprisingly, that the party's ability to screen out potential spies was "not the best." He characterized the men's marksmanship as poor, the quality and quantity of their weapons as inadequate and the financial burdens of replacing lost weapons, raising bail fees and paying legal costs as backbreaking. On April 6 alone, police said they seized three shotguns, five rifles, three automatic rifles and two automatic pistols.

"The night of the shoot-out the Panthers behaved rather badly," the agent said. "They broke and ran and left guns and ammunition scattered over half of West Oakland. This doesn't mean they are cowardly. It does mean that they've had no training and, like most people everywhere, they really don't care much to get killed—or even shoot at police."

None of this should lead anyone, the agent continued, to hope that the Black Panthers will simply vanish. "If conditions get rougher in the ghetto—any ghetto—they're going to get more recruits. Then a hard-core element may escalate the gun business again. If the federal government, on the other hand, makes a serious effort to pump lots of money into the ghetto, you can likely kiss the Panthers good-by. You simply can't agitate happy people."

Newton and Seale might, according to the old tradition, have joined the "happy people" themselves. They met as students at Merritt College, a two-year institution in Oakland, from which many graduates proceed to more advanced study at the University of California or a state college. Newton saw, from the example of an older brother who acquired the education he needed to become a welfare department supervisor, that study could bring some rewards. But Newton, who said he became bored with the "cultural nationalism" of black clubs organized by the Negro minority on the campus, was arrested for theft and burglary. In 1964 he was sentenced to a year in county jail for assault with a deadly weapon. Quite proudly, he was a troublemaker in jail, leading riots and food strikes.



When he was released from jail, he and Seale founded their Black Panther Party, taking the name and symbol from the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama.

Politically, the Black Panthers have allied themselves with the Peace and Freedom Party and have, it appears, achieved a veto power over the larger organization. The Peace and Freedom Party has offered a startling variety of candidates for office. Among them are Mario Savio, who started the "free speech" revolt at Berkeley and who is now running for the state Senate, and Cleaver's wife, Kathleen, competing for the assembly seat of Willie L. Brown, Jr., a talented Negro liberal who has won two terms in a San Francisco district that is believed to be only 26 per cent black. Radicals don't like liberals. Perhaps the most conventional Peace and Freedom Party candidate is its nominee for the U.S. Senate, old-line radical Paul Jacobs who writes books, appears on television, and is invited to parties at the best homes.

For all the excitement, the Black Panthers seem to be a dead-end movement, growing out of the frustrations of life in Oakland, an industrial community on the east shore of San Francisco Bay where few neighborhoods, white or black, are designed to inspire man's soul. It is a town on which the conservative establishment has long maintained a hold, and its slums have produced a force of young men willing to take arms because they are bereft of hope.

The Panthers offer the recruits no "promised land." There is no talk of a return to Africa nor even of a plan to carve out major parts of the United States as a black dominion. "Talk of such things at this time is irrelevant and romantic," Huey Newton said. "We don't want to or-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ganize all the blacks. We want to be a vanguard. When the time comes and we are organized, black people will petition the United Nations to hold a plebiscite to see what it is we want and where it is we want to go."

Thus, the most that can be held out is the prospect of still more futile gestures, in the style of the gun-brandishing episodes at the airport and in the capitol—dramatic scenes that produce brief moments of excitement and considerable publicity, but which also assure the Panthers that their movement will some day be crushed. The Panthers, who will not accept whites into their ranks, have won some white cheering on the side lines and a little white financial support. But there is, as Murray Kempton wrote after a visit to Oakland, "something quite disgusting about white kids moved by the high romance of Negro kids getting themselves killed."

JOHNSON'S PLOY

FLIGHT OF THE LAME DUCK

DONALD L. ROBINSON
Mr. Robinson is assistant professor of government at Smith College.

Though Mr. Johnson's decision to withdraw from the Presidency has placed the nation in a perilous position, the dangers of the move have not been properly appreciated in this year of clamorous events.

The central significance of the event derives from the fact that the most powerful nation in the world is now governed, particularly in its foreign affairs, by a man who has placed himself beyond the reach of political accountability. In domestic affairs, the President's power is still considerably hemmed in by a political system that rolls on with a structure and momentum of its own. Congress freely defies a man whose power to affect the fortunes of committee chairmen, or even first-termers, has long since been spent. The bureaucracy pursues its stubborn course, dealing with its clients in the old ways. Domestically, the effect of Mr. Johnson's withdrawal is to deprive the political system of leadership at a time when it needs it most. But we need not fear that a lame-duck President can successfully embark on new adventures for which there is no clear public support.

In foreign affairs, the situation is ominously different; the President's decision appears to have given him a virtually free hand. And when we say foreign affairs in 1968, we mean Vietnam.

Mr. Johnson's decision was hailed at first as an act of courage. An extremely ambitious man had sacrificed his own intense hunger for power to the greater goal of reuniting his divided country. The act was so uncharacteristic that some refused to believe that he was sincere. The President had long been known for cunning; perhaps what he intended was to call the wolves off his back, press hard for some kind of temporary détente in Vietnam, then take the convention in August—and the election in November—by storm.

Bill D Moyers, who could be supposed to know, spiked this speculation with the assertion that Mr. Johnson really was concerned about the divisions in the country and knew that any eleventh-hour re-entry into the political arena would provoke a shattering reaction. The President's concern about his country was too great for any such strategy of personal gain. He would lose all that he had won by his withdrawal, and more.

But there was more to it than this. Perhaps Mr. Johnson *had* sacrificed himself, but for what? He himself said that he had acted to restore domestic tranquillity, but Howard K. Smith, commenting on A.B.C. TV, was closer to the truth when he argued that the President had maneuvered, not for peace at home but for power abroad.

Mr. Johnson knew that Senator McCarthy's showing in New Hampshire, as well as numerous other signs, signaled that his chances for renomination and re-election were far from certain. He would have absolutely no chance of winning unless he campaigned fiercely, and his standing with the public was such as to make campaigning awkward. Even then, his re-election would be in such jeopardy that his policies, particularly his policy in Vietnam, would stand suspended until the verdict was in—suspended, that is, as far as their viability was concerned. Their costs would continue to mount, thereby increasing the difficulty of selling them to the American people. So Mr. Johnson did what he had to do to save his policies. He removed himself from the contest.

Indeed, the President acknowledged that he had acted to place himself beyond the reach of public "pressure." "I made my announcement," he told a group of administrative assistants to Democratic Congressmen, so that "no one in the world—no one who sought our treasure or tried to stall freedom—could have any doubt that any person in this country—candidate or noncandidate—could effectively pressure this President and his actions for at least the next nine months." He hoped, he said, that his decision would remove him "from the nose cone of a volcano," so that he could "act independently and with complete liberty, with only one criteria [*sic*], the great good for the greatest number."

The notion is staggering, when you stop to think about it. Why, in a democracy, should a political leader be permitted to "act independently and with complete liberty"? Perhaps, in a moment of great crisis, a leader deeply trusted by his people might be granted such prerogative. But Mr. Johnson as much as acknowledged that he had been forced to abdicate by the pressure of public mistrust and suspicion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plainly, the President's move was a monumental gamble for nine months' time to redeem his policies in Vietnam. To pull it off, he needed two things: a dramatic change in the public mood and attitude toward him, and the cooperation of the other candidates for President. Initially, at least, he got both. The effect of the renunciation on his rating in the Gallup polls was striking. In mid-March, before the announcement of withdrawal, only 36 per cent of the Gallup sample approved of the way Mr. Johnson was "handling his job," while 52 per cent disapproved. Two weeks after the announcement, nearly half (49 per cent) approved, while the disapprovers had fallen off to 40 per cent. A whopping 64 per cent said they approved of "President Johnson's decision to stop [*sic*] the bombing of North Vietnam." (The way that question is phrased is as significant as the answers it produced.) One suspects, too, that the intensity of public concern over Johnson's performance had fallen off sharply—and if so, that would be even more significant than the reversal in the ratio of approvers to disapprovers.

Gallup's interviewers recorded that the "man in the street" reflected Mr. Johnson's own feeling about his decision. "I think it's a wonderful thing he did for the country. He prevented bitter controversy," said a retired schoolteacher from New Jersey. "He is rising above political considerations," remarked a student from North Carolina. Only 4 per cent attributed the President's withdrawal to a political motive.

Soon it was apparent that the main opponents of his policies would likewise follow his lead, diverting their attention and energies from Vietnam to the circus of the Presidential campaign, and to the innumerable other circuses offered by springtime in Paris and at Columbia and elsewhere. Kennedy told a news conference, "I think Vietnam eventually is going to disappear," and he urged that attention be given to the longer-range problem of economic development in Latin America and Africa.* Nixon declared a moratorium on discussions about Vietnam, to allow time for the President's diplomacy to be tried. Rockefeller rebuked Nixon for the suggestion of a moratorium, but his own speech on Vietnam was so banal as to go almost unnoticed. Even McCarthy seemed to prefer other themes in his quest for delegates. And when the candidates discussed Vietnam, the focus of the discussion was on changes that would come to pass next January and beyond, not on the urgent necessity to change courses *now*. Vietnam became the nightmare everyone wanted to postpone, if not forget altogether.

Gradually, however, it is becoming apparent that it is the political campaign itself that has assumed a dream-like quality. Reports from Vietnam recently confronted a startled public with the unwanted news that more men had died in the middle two weeks of May than in any previous fourteen-day period of the war. What had earlier been referred to as a "pause" in the bombing turned out to be nothing of the kind. Measured in terms of the number of missions flown, or tons of bombs dropped, or planes and pilots lost, the pace of the air war was virtually undiminished. It had merely been confined to a strategically more critical area, the North Vietnamese panhandle. In almost every way, the "level of violence" in Vietnam was increasing, not subsiding.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

"How Are the Peace—Bombs Away—Talks Going, Averell?"

These facts help to put the President's decision, and the public's reaction to it, into revealing perspective. By withdrawing from the campaign, the President sought to place himself beyond the reach of politics, a process for which he seems to have such contempt these days. The public appears, initially at least, to have acquiesced in this desire. The result is that our military and diplomatic operations over Vietnam are being pursued by a man who is acting "independently and with complete liberty," using his own judgment, which the American people have grown so profoundly to mistrust. And all of this in a political system which prides itself on the accountability of its elected leaders, especially the President.

Mr. Johnson believes, with a passion that is more nearly religious than political, that his policies in Vietnam are right. He is willing to sacrifice a great deal that is dear to him, including his own political career, to the realization of those policies. He has bargained for a nine-month period in which to secure those policies, and to create an atmosphere conducive to the election of his chosen successor. The irony is that a man who was thought to be crudely and totally political has reached for a transpolitical way to secure his policies.

For a time at the beginning of the current year, it appeared that the American people were beginning to view the nation's involvement in Vietnam as "ironic," in the

*Since this was written, the "circus" of the Presidential campaign has produced the ghastly accident of Senator Kennedy's assassination. Kennedy's death may focus renewed attention on the relationship between the violence in Vietnam and the malaise at home. But the concern of this article—that the conduct of foreign policy by a lame-duck President is not politically accountable—is not affected by the assassination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense in which Reinhold Niebuhr used that term fifteen years ago. That is, we had become engaged in Vietnam out of desire to permit an alternative to communism to develop there, but we were beginning to see that our good intentions were overextended, that we lacked the strength and understanding to accomplish our good purposes. Once irony is recognized, it cannot be endured, and so we were beginning to search for men who could lead us out of our mistaken course.

President Johnson has sought to restore our sense of the tragic with respect to Vietnam. To him, it seems that our good purposes are perfectly capable of achievement, if only we are willing to pay the price. But a leader who tries to transform his nation's ironies into tragedies by the exercise of his own monumental will can only drive his people to catastrophe.

Max Ascoli has argued that the President withdrew in order to recover his consensus, but that in doing so, he gave up his power. In the light of the analysis here, that seems a curious conclusion. Clearly the President has gained freedom for maneuver during the months remaining to his term. Yet in a deeper sense, Ascoli is right To accomplish his purposes in Vietnam will surely take more than nine months. Unless he plans to bomb North Vietnam back to the stone age, or to hold up a shield while his Vice President, or Mr. Nixon, moves into the White House, there to pursue the same policies for four more years, it is difficult to see what he expects to gain this year.

Surely he cannot defeat the Communists by several more weeks of the war of attrition he has been waging for four years. Nor can he convince Hanoi's negotiators in Paris to agree, this summer, to a division of their country *before* they have been wiped out on the battlefield. The only way to gain the stated American objectives in Vietnam is to wage a long, gray war, and the only way to do that—assuming for the moment that such a war would win its objective, and that the cost would be acceptable—would be to have the strong support of the American people. And the only way, finally, to get that kind of support is at the polls, after a grueling and forthright campaign that convinced the people that their "blood, toil, tears and sweat" were being shed in a worthy cause.

From this point of view, the President's withdrawal is properly seen, not as an act of political courage but as one of out-and-out cowardice. He urges Congress to "bite the bullet" on taxes, but he himself refuses to face the American people for a referendum on the main policies of his own Administration. The situation created by Johnson exposes a grave flaw in our constitutional "machinery."

The American Constitution is an arrangement for establishing government accountable to the people it governs. The mechanisms by which the people express their consent are imperfect and irregular, as all students of American Government know. Still, the national government exercises few powers that are not "checked," at least by the clientele of the government's policy.

The one major exception is foreign affairs. Here, the objects of the policy have no votes, and no regular or reliable access to the newspapers read by voters. Furthermore, foreign policy is conducted almost exclusively by the Executive branch, and its exercise is effectively judged by the people only on those occasions when the policies go so badly awry that an international crisis erupts, or the country is threatened by war. Even in those cases, the referendum of the public is retroactive, and the verdict on any particular issue tends to be lost in a welter of other concerns.

The fact that the exercise of public authority in the United States breaks down almost completely in the area of foreign affairs is an extremely serious matter, as the current situation makes obvious. It is serious for those who support our stand against communism in Asia and want broad public support for that stand, as well as for those who feel differently.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 2)*

ing out to the power structure." People influenced by Erikson (like myself) are accused of "making life a lot tougher," presumably because they do not see that all opposition by youth to adults is beyond criticism. Certainly Brossard is not making things tougher; he is making them ridiculously easy. With such uncritical friends young people don't need enemies.

Brossard charges Erikson with being only "rhetorically" engaged with young people. In fact, he has spent much of his life in therapeutic work with them. What are Brossard's credentials for speaking with such righteous assurance about the inner feelings of young people? For that matter a rhetorician who can write without a wince of "operational co-optism" has dubious credentials for complaining of Erikson's style on the irrelevant ground that it is "bad poetry."

Cushing Strout, Dept. of English
Cornell University

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Human nature being what it is, *The Nation*'s invaluable contributions to enlightenment over many years seldom elicit letters of praise. All readers have long taken this for granted. But when *The Nation* errs, protest is in order lest the error be repeated.

In the issue of June 3, two "reviewers" have insulted two of the major thinkers and writers of our days: James T. Farrell ["James T. Farrell: An Impossible Comeback" by Peter Clecak] and Erik H. Erikson. The former is one of America's great novelists of the century. The latter is one of the outstanding psychologists and psychiatrists of our time. I know all of their works and have used them frequently in my own teaching, thinking, and writing over many years. Both "reviews" are travesties. Apologies are due to both writers and to all readers.

Frederick L. Schuman
Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government
Williams College

word to the wise

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Those in Congress who are vigorous in porting or opposing controversial, explosive issues could be the next target for the assassin's bullets . . . . If Congress would pass the required gun control legislation, the lives they could save may be their own.

Meldon C. Belknap

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Onlooker and the Insider

THE SEPARATED PEOPLE: A Look At Contemporary South Africa. *By E. J. Kahn, Jr. W. W. Norton & Co. 276 pp. $5.95.*

THE LONG VIEW. *By Alan Paton. Edited by Edward Callan. Frederick A. Praeger. 295 pp. $6.95.*

NADINE GORDIMER
Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is The Late Bourgeois World *(Viking).*

It is the proud boast of most serious investigators of the South African scene—politicians, legal experts, distinguished journalists, visiting us from abroad—that they come "with an open mind." I often wonder why. They all stand for the principles of Western democracy. They have no doubts about *that,* at home in their own countries: it is their article of faith in the pursuit of the greatest good for the greatest number. And they do not come in ignorance of the policies of this country and its system of government. They know that South Africa is a democracy for 3.5 million white people who elect their white government in a free ballot, and that this government also governs 15 million black and colored people who have no vote. Why, then, the "open mind"? If you believe in democracy, you can be in no two minds about the situation in South Africa, even before you have ever set foot here. To be honest, at best you can say, "I have come to see whether I have to revise my convictions and accept that, under certain conditions and in certain historical situations, there is an alternative to democracy as the means by which the greatest good for the greatest number may be achieved."

E. J. Kahn, Jr, evidently did not subscribe to the cant of the "open mind" when he came to South Africa recently. He had done some homework; he knew South Africa was not a democracy; using Western democratic principles as the norm of civilized society, he came to record, as precisely and dispassionately as he could, what sort of society he found. His approach is that of the onlooker who sees most of the game; and here we come up against another assumption whose worth needs examining, in the context of the South African situation, not—this time—because it is cant but because one must ask, "How much of the game can the onlooker see?" The difference between Mr. Kahn's book and Alan Paton's personal testimony of the South African situation seen from within becomes a third statement on that situation: life in South Africa is ordered in such a way, by now, that it is quite impossible for even the most perceptive and inquiring onlooker to claim a full and first-hand account of that life. It can be spoken for only from within that situation; no one from outside is let near enough, any more, for him to be able to claim that he has learned what the people think. It is evident that to bear witness, now, one has to do so from the hazardous center of South African society itself; visitors such as Mr. Kahn are kept out by a *cordon sanitaire* of laws and legislated silences, and kept convinced of the validity of their investigations by having the official blind eye permissively turned just that much when they are gratefully surprised to be able to make contact with such fringe opposition as is left of the great, outlawed liberation movements.

It is a white fringe, of course. Helen Suzman, Progressive Party M.P. and sole vigorous voice of opposition in Parliament; Laurence Gandar, courageous editor of the *Rand Daily Mail,* awaiting trial on a charge of allegedly publishing false information in an exposé of prison conditions; Alan Paton himself, lone leader of the Liberal Party, decimated by bannings of its leaders; a handful of forthright churchmen, academics, intellectuals, all of us white and walking the tightrope of calculated risk. Through contact with such people the diligent inquirer will see, as Kahn did, the rubber-stamp justice meted out in the Bantu Commissioners' Courts where offenders against the bewildering Pass Laws become statutory criminals overnight; visit the Black Sash organization's offices where a small band of unintimidated white women give what advice and help they can to Africans entangled in the Pass Laws, Influx Control regulations and Group Areas Act that disrupt their lives; talk to those very, very few Africans with whom whites still have contact as equals, and who, by this definition and the fact that they are still at large and willing to talk, have never played a formative part as activists or thinkers in the African struggle for human rights. But there is no way for the visitor to reach the makers of African or Indian or Colored opinion, to hear the voices that have the mandate to speak for the 15 million on the dark side of the color bar.

It is understandable, then, for Kahn to dismiss the Africans as a people with never "more reason to be angry" and yet so "placid." He did not, could not, meet Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu and Govan Mbeki, leaders of the African National Congress, Robert Sobukwe, leader of the Pan-African Congress, and the other political prisoners on Robben Island (more than 800 in 1967). The only conversation with an African he records having had "at length" is a talk with a Soweto housewife (Soweto is a complex of African segregated townships that serves as a dormitory for Johannesburg's black labor force). It was impossible for him, as for any other visitor, to canvass informed or politically aware opinion among Africans.

There is less excuse, however, for his failure to relate the ruthless legislation and secret police surveillance (he describes it and mentions in passing that African leaders are in jail) that has crushed the African and Indian opposition movements, and that outlaws even so much as a private discussion group, let alone any political gathering of any nature, to that "peace of the grave" he found prevailing in place of African resistance to apartheid. What he found here was not the peace of the grave but the silence of a people under the enormous weight of the Suppression of Communism Act, which has stripped them of their leadership down to the last humble organizer of the smallest group and which provides stiff sentences for anyone even *advocating* social change of *any nature.* Young Africans, Indians and Coloreds who were teen-agers when non-white political organizations were banned have perforce grown up without any political education whatever—except the conditioning to acceptance of apartheid disseminated in their history textbooks and other media controlled by whites. It is difficult to see how new leadership can come from them. This situation is very much part of contemporary South Africa.

Kahn quotes the opinions canvassed from Indian merchants ("keep your nose clean") as the current attitude of this minority group on the dark side of the color bar, and sums up their reaction to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Group Areas Act (which declares areas white and removes the Indians—business, household, lock, stock and barrel—from premises they have owned and occupied in some cases since the days of the Kruger Republic) with the laconic "they are not very happy about it." It is extraordinary that he should present this picture of what the Indian people have been reduced to without mention of the Indians' legal battle against Group Areas, going on in our courts every day, but even more extraordinary, from the essential point of view of perspective, that he should do so without a single mention of the role the Indian people have played in the struggle against apartheid since the early part of this century. It was under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi himself, then practicing law in South Africa, that South African Indians initiated the passive resistance movement that became the basis of the African Congress movements. In the great Defiance of Unjust Laws campaign of the 1950s, the South African Indian Congress provided leadership along with the African National Congress, and hundreds of Indians went to prison. Indian leaders have been prominent among the accused in political trials from 1959 to 1966. A number of them are political prisoners now; is their enforced silence not to be reckoned with, by visitors, as part of Indian opinion?

As for radical white opposition, Kahn dismisses Abraham Fischer in one sentence, referring to him as "one South African Communist," and remarks that the $25,000 Lenin Prize awarded Fischer last year "will probably do him little good since he is over sixty and serving a life sentence (for political offences) in Pretoria jail." However opposed to communism he might be, no man of liberal opinions (which is the point of departure for Kahn's inquiry) *living within the South African situation* could dispose of Abraham Fischer like that. In the context of our separated people, Fischer is not just "one South African Communist" or even just one South African man. Unlike Anton Rupert, the Nationalist cigarette millionaire to whom Kahn gives fascinated space, Abraham Fischer has not been satisfied to get rich and advance the chauvinism of the Afrikaner people to which both Rupert and he belong but, whatever his political ideology, has sacrificed his own personal privilege and freedom as a white man in the attempt to free Africans from the color bar.

Mandela, Sisulu, Mbeki, Sobukwe, Fischer—they are in prison but they are still with us. The weight of their presence is hardly to be ignored by anyone who reports on the situation in South Africa today. One realizes that Kahn did not set out to write a history of South Africa, but some background information from the immediate past is necessary to penetrate the *appearance* of the contemporary scene.

This is the best and most intelligent book about South Africa to be written by an observer for a very long time, yet just how successfully a man as generally fair-minded and astute as Kahn can be kept gliding over the surface is shown again and again. For example, he falls for the old fallacy of comparing the standard of living of black people in South Africa with that of Africans in the rest of Africa, whereas the real comparison is with the living standard of the white South Africans. South Africa is the richest country in Africa; the true measure of the South African black man's share is how little he gets of his own country's wealth, not how well off he is in comparison with the people of immeasurably poorer countries who happen to share his skin color. Kahn discusses "Bantu ability" (" 'We have been inclined to underestimate Bantu ability simply because we have been accustomed to him doing unskilled work,' the director of the Bantu Wage and Productivity Association recently said"), and explains the system of Job Reservation (whites only for skilled jobs), but does not mention *the* fact that, in modern labor relations, would be seen to inhibit the black man's development in industry; under the Industrial Conciliation Act, black men are deprived of the right to strike, or bargain with their employers. Only two years ago—just about the time Kahn was in South Africa—an official of the white Mineworkers' Union was sworn into office on the oath that he would resist with all his strength "the onslaught of Kaffir, Moor and Indian on the white working community."

But the real reason for the blur between cause and effect in Kahn's view of the separated people is that like all onlookers who come to South Africa now, he was viewing the situation from the confines of the enclave of 3.5 million whites. All he really learned was what *we*—the whites, Nationalist, United Party, Progressive Party, Liberal with both small and large "L"—think about *them*, the 15 million on the other side of the color bar. The black people of South Africa remain, silent and in shadow, on the periphery of this book.

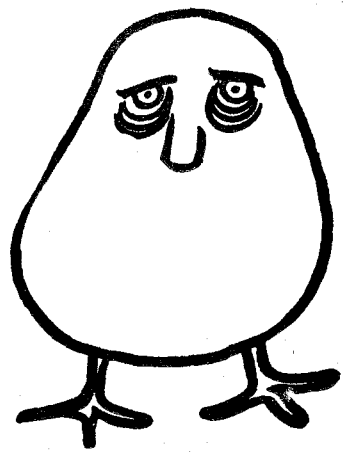
Alan Paton's book is the record of the thought and action of a man of decent liberal opinions in a situation where those opinions have either to be abandoned or put to the test of translation into a daily way of life running counter to that of the society in which he lives. In the first essay he describes a coming to the end of color prejudice: "I was no longer a white person but a member of the human race"; and that conviction, once arrived at, is for the liberal in South Africa at the same time the beginning of his active role; his goal; and, maybe, the only achievement he can count on at the end of his life.

Alan Paton is a Liberal with a large "L"—he has been chairman or president of the Liberal Party almost since its inception in 1953 until a new piece of legislation, outlawing racially mixed membership in political parties, put an end to the Liberal Party only a few weeks ago. But the account of the fate of liberalism in South Africa that emerges from his essays and public addresses from 1958 to 1967 is the fate of all liberals here, whether or not they were actually members of the Liberal Party. It is at the same time a candid, sober, absolutely honest and exhaustively informed account of the total South African situation, written with the sense of proportion that paradoxically, as I have remarked, can come only from one who lives on embattled ground at the center of it. Alan Paton is not a black man, but as one who lives definitively as a member of the human race, he has seen the black man's disabilities as his own. There is no *them*, in his viewpoint, only an *us*.

What people who shared this viewpoint wanted for South Africa was a nonracial democracy. There were never very many of them among white South Africans. Among black South Africans a long and hard-earned distrust of white motives, and an equally well-established distrust of white trusteeship for African aspirations, meant that black men felt they ought to free *themselves*, as black people, from a white supremacist rule, before working with whites for a nonracial democracy. Whites were not accepted as members of the African National Congress; and the Liberal Party, although it stood for one man, one vote, and had no color bar, never attracted more than a token African membership. It was formed at a time—significantly—when the nonwhite peoples of the country were seeing the necessity for a united front. The Defiance Campaigns of the early fifties were a successful combination of the African and Indian Congresses (which had cooperated since 1946) with a token white participation. The Liberal Party made a bid for the wider necessity—a party of people of all colors in opposition to apartheid, which would cooperate with nonwhite organizations. This was still practicable, in the fifties; it looked, for a short time, as if it might be possible to form a united opposition composed of *all* races. In 1957 it was still possible to hold a Multiracial Conference, attended by 500 delegates of all races, in Johannesburg. The conference could and did call for a re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Aarrrggh!"



Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in **The Realist** because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most **"Aarrrggh!"** issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.

****"The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book"**—the feature that caused the largest number of subscription cancellations in 9 years; plus **"Case History of the Manchester Caper"**—a follow-up on the background and repercussions of that feature.

****Cartoons**—the offensive ones by pros like Ed Fisher that get rejected by commercial periodicals; and spreads created specifically for **The Realist**—the Disneyland Memorial Orgy, the Junkie Battalion, Ed Sorel's **I've Got Rhythm** movie poster.

****"The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight"**—all about cheerleaders at a peace rally; the LSD game; behind the scenes with the Diggers, the Joe Pyne show and the League for Sexual Freedom.

****Celebrity Mucking**—"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen"; Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift"; Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

****"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"**—a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting—revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

****"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"**—three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence**, from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latterday hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

****Soft-Core Pornography**—the obscene telephone calling service; the homosexual editor of a girlie magazine; in defense of those little comic books that men like.

****Old Fashioned Exposes**—The President's ranch holdings; Hell's Angels as patriots; secret budget for CIA expenditures; Marvin Kitman's advice to the veteran-lorn; the sex life of J. Edgar Hoover; the future of flag-burning; Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?

****Sacrilegious Dept.**—The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit to New York; Little Orphan Annie's campaign against Mental Health.

****Inside Reports**—from Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and the final Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

The Realist, Dept. N
595 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012

Enclosed please find:

☐ $1 for the five most "Aarrrggh!" issues as described

☐ $3 for a 10-issue subscription plus those 5 issues free

☐ $5 for a 20-issue subscription plus those 5 issues free

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examination of South Africa's policies on social equality and voting rights.

Against this background, Paton wrote of concrete circumstances arising from the apartheid legislation that was piling up during the years before Sharpeville—what happened to actual villages such as Charlestown, where the Africans were evicted under the Group Areas Act, what an increase of basic tax meant to a black man whose income was less than $504 a year, how the Group Areas Act affected 60,000 Indians in Durban—and the evolution of liberal thought in relation to the white supremacist position at home and the attainment of black independence in the greater part of the continent. This thought was based on the premise of a nonviolent, all-race struggle against apartheid.

After 1960, after Sharpeville, two things happened—clearly reflected in depth by the essays in this section of the book. Whereas in the first section Alan Paton was evolving the ethics of a pressure group, in this second section he is dealing with the liberal's moment of truth in South Africa: the moment when it became clear that from then on he could "fully expect violence to be a feature of the struggle." The exponents of peaceful change found themselves imprisoned, in the months of the State of Emergency, along with black revolutionaries. On the one hand, the state and its all-purpose instrument, the Suppression of Communism Act, saw no distinction between violent and nonviolent opposition to the regime, but outlawed both indiscriminately. On the other hand, Africans had already, with the breakaway of the Pan-African Congress from the African National Congress, begun to turn to militant black nationalism. Seeing the state's answer to nonviolence in their people shot in the back at Sharpeville, their organizations banned, they resorted finally to sabotage (*Umkonto weSizwe*—"Spear of the nation") and terrorism (*Poqo*—"Go it alone").

Paton said to the congress of his party, held during the State of Emergency in 1960: "We must not yield ourselves to that pessimistic theory which maintains that the history of the impending future will be that of one violent force against another and that all peaceful people will be crushed between them." But what emerges, in spite of himself, under the bright light of his honest mind in these essays and those of the final section of his book, is certainly the crushing of that "nonviolent third force" that he saw as the only role for just and humane people. What emerges is the jettisoning of the liberal by South Africa; by the whites who want no conscience over the means they are prepared to employ to extend their overlordship as long as possible, and by the blacks who see him, ineffectual as an influence on the intransigence of his own racial group, increasingly as—in the words of the African political thinker, Nosipho Majeke—"the conciliator between the oppressor and the oppressed."

Liberalism has failed in South Africa. Just as there has to be a revolutionary situation before a revolution can succeed, so there has to be a certain flexibility in social relations as a precondition for the liberal to fulfill his role as liberator of both the oppressor and the oppressed. He failed to win the whites away from fear, whether he appealed to them on the realistic level of an Alan Paton—("You will never know if the man outside is a friend or an enemy until you open the door. But if you do not open the door, you can be sure what he will be")—or on the wishful level of the Progressive Party's enlightened self-interest in offering the black man a foot in the door—carefully limited franchise. And a white group that could not persuade the whites in power to open the door even that much became yet another indication to the black man outside that if he is to get in, it will be on his own efforts, of whatever nature the resistance of the door calls forth.

So between white nationalism and the black nationalism it created and now holds desperately at bay, with guns and ever more restrictive laws and, above all, at the cost of brutalizing the humanity of the whites, the liberal has been made expendable. Some are embittered, because what has been revealed is the soft spot that perhaps always was there, in the general liberal position in South Africa. A brave white man, who has suffered in his person from government persecution, because of his active opposition to apartheid, said the other day: "What has disillusioned me is not what has happened to me but the fact that multiracialism is failing everywhere." What did he mean by "multiracialism"? Did South African liberalism go no further than envisaging Africans having a share in the government of the country? Did it not face the fact that the liberal standpoint accepted, by definition, a black majority government in which the white and other minorities, as such, might or might not have a share, since there would be no representation of them as separate entities but merely as part of a polyglot population with an identity of interests? Did they envisage a "parity" of power on the lines of the Rhodesia Constitutional Commission's recommendations for that country—"parity" meaning as many white as black members of parliament, with every white man's vote worth twenty black men's votes, no matter what level of civilization the black man might reach?

Alan Paton has never had that soft spot. Liberalism is frequently sneered at from Left and Right as dewy-eyed, but the fact is that a real liberal has fewer illusions than any other political animal (perhaps that is why he has fewer successes, too; popular support is fed on illusions). Paton says in retrospect, of his essays:

> I wrote, *inter alia*, of the time that must elapse and the work that must be done before the new nations of the world, and especially those of Africa, could achieve stability. I recognised that the ending of colonialism would be followed by a period of instability. It now seems to me that this period will be longer and more unstable than I thought. This has another consequence. It means that white South Africa will be given a period longer than I thought to abate the hostility of the outside world. If the conservatives inside the ruling Nationalist Party do not succeed in their struggle to gain control, the Government will go ahead with its plans to permit racially mixed teams to go to the Olympics [*the Olympic Association has since stated that they will not be permitted to attend*], and to accept Maori rugby players in the visiting New Zealand teams, and to relax apartheid restrictions for any black diplomats sent to South Africa. But simultaneously there will be made an intense effort to hasten the pace of separate development *within* the country, and to prove to the world that it can actually work, and can bring advantages to non-white South Africans. In other words, the disarray of the African nations and the impotence of United Nations have given the Government time, and the whole aim of Government policy will be to make that time as long as possible. That this time would be so far extended was something I did not foresee. I am still of the opinion that neither separate development nor apartheid can endure, but they are going to endure longer than I thought. In order to use this time without hindrance the Government has given itself totalitarian powers over those who might oppose or delay the implementation of their plans.

Whatever has happened in the Congo or Nigeria or, indeed, in Memphis, cannot alter his belief, along with that of other liberals worthy of the name, that "injustices are intrinsic in any programme of separate development, for the simple reason that separate development is something done by someone with power to someone without power."

How does a white man whose liberal position has failed to meet the historical pressures of his time answer, in the South African situation today, the question, "Is it worth trying to last?" Alan Paton writes: "People answer this question in different ways. Some leave the country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some stick to their course, even if they expect certain consequences. And even this last group is diverse, for some would face *any* consequences and some would not.

"What is my own answer to this question? I must give my own answer, because I would not dare to answer it for anyone else. I think it is worth trying to last. It is worth something to me, even if it apparently achieves little.

"If someone were to ask me, 'What would you and your wife do if you had young children?' I would answer, 'We would have two choices: to stay here and to give our children a father and mother who put some things even above their own children's safety and happiness, or to leave and to give them a father and mother who put their children's safety and happiness above all else.' Which would I choose? They are both good courses, are they not? I hope I would choose the first."

Here is the only justification for the liberal presence in South Africa at present. That in the midst of the defeat of all he has hoped and worked for, the liberal sees himself still as "no longer a white person but a member of the human race."

Even that, living where we do, is an achievement, not only for himself but for the human race.

Haunted by Himself

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL: 1914-1944. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. 418 pp. $8.95.*

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd is a former editor of the Harvard Crimson *who has written for journals in the United States and Britain.*

Bertrand Russell whirled through a life of almost unbelievable achievement, a kind of circus of glamour and variety. In vain one looks through his pages for some one he has not known, some place he has not been, and one marvels at so frenetic a philosopher. And yet in such storms of energy a certain still center of ego is clear. Russell was, quite literally, haunted by himself.

Many times in his text and in the letters at the end of each chapter he returns to the theme of his own ghostliness. He tells how he has

> loved a ghost, and in loving a ghost my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God.

In a footnote he adds, "This and what follows is no longer true (1967)." But few readers will assent. A ghostly chill clings faithfully to him. Those who recall his account of the end of his first marriage in Volume I will not be surprised to find a new chapter beginning abruptly: "When I left Dora, she continued the school until after the beginning of the Second War." Or to learn of the death of his older brother only through a stray sentence in the letters.

Yet the sheer fascination of the narrative claims our attention far more insistently than the puzzle of his detachment. The longest and best of the chapters, nearly one-third of the book, takes him through the years of the First World War—his opposition to the war, his term in prison, and the subsequent loss of his Cambridge Fellowship, his affair with Lady Constance Malleson ("We talked half the night, and in the middle of talk became lovers"), and his books, especially *Principles of Social Reconstruction.* As before, he writes sharply and frankly about his galaxy of friends. D. H. Lawrence, whom Russell came to despise, is brushed away as a Fascist. Ramsay MacDonald he finds notable for his dull Scotch jokes. And T. S. Eliot appears as the recipient of both Russell's charity and his advice. "After seeing troop trains departing from Waterloo," he recounts, "I used to have strange visions of London as a place of unreality." And goes on in a footnote: "I spoke of this to T. S. Eliot, who put it into *The Waste Land.*"

Some of these sketches were published earlier in *Portraits from Memory* (1956). Others, like his marvelous picture of Wittgenstein at tea (as told to him by Whitehead), are new and just as good:

> . . . he appeared scarcely aware of the presence of Mrs. Whitehead, but marched up and down the room for some time in silence, and at last said explosively: "A proposition has two poles. It is *apb.*" Whitehead, in telling me, said: "I naturally asked what are *a* and *b*, but I found that I had said quite the wrong thing." "*a* and *b* are indefinable," Wittgenstein answered in a voice of thunder.

After the war ended, Russell traveled to Russia and, with Dora Black, to China

harper torchbooks

Recently published

KENNETH B. CLARK
Dark Ghetto
Dilemmas of Social Power
Foreword by Gunnar Myrdal
"A brilliant diagnosis of the White problem in our society. . . . Bound to make a mark on the thinking of Americans." — ROBERT K. MERTON
TB/1317 $1.75

HERBERT HILL, Editor
Anger, and Beyond
The Negro Writer in the United States
"Important and absorbing . . . A measurement of how far we all have come in the revolution of self-awareness." — ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH, *The New York Times*
A Perennial Library Book.
P/120 $1.45

JOSEPH P. LYFORD
The Airtight Cage
A Study of New York's West Side
"Places the urban poor in the full setting of their impotency with impressive reportorial skill." — NAT HENTOFF, *The New Yorker*
A Harper Colophon Book.
CN/127 $2.25

GILBERT OSOFSKY
Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto
Negro New York, 1890-1930
"Provide[s] a significant historical dimension to the present plight of the urban Negro and the impact of his deprivation." — ELI GINZBERG
Illus. TB/1381 $1.95

To be published in September

GILBERT OSOFSKY, Editor
The Burden of Race
A Documentary History of Negro-White Relations in America
"The best single collection of documents . . . covering the whole period of race relations in the United States." — JAMES W. SILVER
TB/1405 $3.75

1817
Complete catalog of Harper Torchbooks [658 volumes now in print] available on request from Dept. 51, HARPER & ROW, *Publishers*, 49 E. 33rd St., New York, N. Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a year. With his marriage to her and the advent of parenthood, he turned away from the academic life, and to support his family began to write what he calls "potboilers," like *A History of Western Philosophy* and *The A.B.C. of Relativity*. Together they also began an experimental school, a project that collapsed into disillusionment and near bankruptcy (though a delightful exchange of letters between Russell and A. S. Neill of Summerhill comes out of it).

He was in Los Angeles teaching and lecturing when the Second World War broke out, and circumstances kept him in America until 1944, when this installment ends. In these years Russell returns to the despairing note he first sounded in 1914. "Throughout my life," he had written earlier, "I have longed to feel that oneness with large bodies of human beings that is experienced by the members of enthusiastic crowds." Reluctantly he supported the war against Nazism, still conscious of his own solitude, his distance from the great crowds. Again and again he lashes the universal madness of his times, the wars and politicians, while once more an almost mystical sense of personal isolation both troubles and sustains him. Paradoxically, "the truth is spectral, insane, ghastly: the more men see of it, the less mental health they retain." But as he says, "for my part I would rather be mad with truth than sane with lies."

Such integrity, which it would be pointless to call conceit, has borne Bertrand Russell through a rare life. But in some regards it has also brought him up halt. To read V. S. Pritchett's recent memoirs, for example, next to Russell's *Autobiography* is to feel how clipped Russell's human vision is. At the center of his book stands his own personality in all its splendid moods. But at the warm center of Pritchett's book is a man's experience of life, felt and passed on. For Russell, "I must, *I must*, before I die find *some* way to say the essential thing that is in me, that I have never said yet—a thing that is not love or hate or pity or scorn, but the very breath of life, fierce and coming from far away, bringing into human life the vastness and the fearful passionless force of non-human things." To Constance Malleson he writes: "I know that I have struggled all my life to say something that I shall never learn how to say." Despite his eloquence, one is moved to agree.

United Fruit Country

THE GUATEMALA TRAVELER: A Concise History and Guide. *By Selden Rodman. Meredith Press. 127 pp. $5.95.*

WARREN SLOAT

Mr. Sloat, a newspaper man who has published in Liberation, Ramparts, *the* Saturday Review *and other publications, is gathering material for a book on Guatemala.*

Next year Guatemala will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of its deliverance from what Secretary of State John Foster Dulles liked to call "the yoke of communism." If there is any celebration it will be arranged where most of Guatemala's affairs are arranged, in the United States.

When the Central Intelligence Agency, the United Fruit Co., and Guatemalan rightists teamed up to overthrow the progressive regime of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán in 1954, it was hailed in the United States as the first cold-war victory. Lobbyists talked it up for injecting the little Central American nation with economic miracle juice. What more appropriate showcase for the cornucopia of good relations with the United States than the country that "came back from communism"!

Yet despite considerable aid, including string pulling at the World Bank, Guatemala "has known little but stagnant dictatorship and corruption since 1954," as Dan Kurzman wrote in *The Washington Post* in 1966. Two Maryknoll priests, expelled for aiding leftist guerrillas, have called it the next Vietnam. It has become trapped in what the Guatemalan revolution, which ended with Arbenz's overthrow, sought to eliminate: political repression, illiteracy and landlessness, economic imperialism.

One would never know it, however, from reading the latest work of Selden Rodman, former nemesis of nonrepresentational art and now an author of nonrepresentational history. His factual errors (such as making a colonel of Jorge Toriello, a civilian leader of the 1944 revolution) are evidences of his haste in turning out his series on Latin America. But more important is his blend of liberal cant about the need for reform and his attack on any authentic reform in a book suffused with the anti-Communist mentality.

From the election of Juan José Arevalo in 1945 until 1951, Guatemala underwent a little New Deal. A new constitution guaranteed civil liberties unprecedented in most of Latin America: a labor code was established and the formation of unions allowed; social security was begun; Arevalo, an educator, threw himself into a flurry of school building and literacy programs. While paying the obligatory respects to these innovations, Rodman comes up with three points with which to quibble: Arevalo grew critical of the good old U.S.A., allowed Arbenz to become President, and acquiesced in the murder of armed forces chief, Francisco Arana.

In making his case, Rodman ignores the temper of U.S.-Guatemala relations through the period—exemplified by U.S. Ambassador Richard Patterson's chronic plotting to overthrow Arevalo—since to deal with it runs the risk that Arevalo's growing anti-Americanism might make sense. To examine the alternatives to Arbenz, likewise, might be unnerving. To link the killing of Arana to a cluster of plots against the regime might damage the argument.

Rodman accepts the tradition that links the Arbenz regime, through a careful selection of facts, to communism. There were no Communists in Arbenz's cabinet, as even the most rabid anti-Communist writers have admitted, nor was there anything remotely resembling communism in his program. Though political freedoms continued and though the government concentrated on a restrained but effective agrarian reform program to expropriate idle land on large estates, Rodman calls it a "Dictatorship of the Left."

Meanwhile, according to Rodman's scenario, United Fruit officials traveled in sackcloth and ashes. "United Fruit's 'image' could not be lived down by penitence and good works," he writes, "not even by giving its employees unprecedented social benefits" (which the "now all-powerful unions" apparently had not thought to demand) nor "by giving up its stock ownership in the International Railways of Central America to bury the charge that it was a stockholder and preferred customer at the same time."

Rodman has a habit of reducing plain facts to "charges." That the railway was in effect a subsidiary of the fruit company is pivotal to an understanding of one of Guatemala's central problems: interlocking foreign control of basic transportation and communication.

Though the author spares no pains in detailing the company's selfless devotion to the people of Guatemala, Guatemalans enigmatically continue to hurl rocks through the United Fruit Co. windows. Can we attribute this to ingratitude? Not totally. Though Rodman refuses to allow that the Guatemalans may have a legitimate grievance, he explains it by "psychological" factors—the fruit company executives live in larger homes, etc.

In the neatest trick of the book, Rod-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man omits any mention of the single most important act of the Arbenz administration—the expropriation of 413,573 acres of idle fruit company land. This move, coming shortly after threatened oil expropriation in Iran, was the core issue that brought about a U.S.-Guatemala confrontation.

The issue can be developed in various directions. A pro-Guatemala view might trace the multifarious connections between the fruit company and U.S. policy makers—beginning with two former Wall Street lawyers for United Fruit, John Foster Dulles and his brother, Allen, then CIA chief. A pro-fruit company view might stress the compensation offered for the land or the debilitating soil disease that made large reserves necessary. Until now, the rankest apologist for the company never considered ignoring the issue. Its omission renders the entire course of events incomprehensible, but perhaps that is Rodman's intention.

Back to "the hysterical Arbenz," who by 1954 was "mouthing . . . stock international deceits" of his Commie pals, "including such farfetched ones as the charge that the United States was using bacteriological warfare in Korea." Want to hear three other "deceits"? Arbenz said (*1*) that the anti-Communist furor was a mask to destroy the gains of the past decade; (*2*) that the CIA was plotting to overthrow Guatemala; (*3*) that the United States was primarily concerned with the expropriation of fruit company land and, by extension, American involvement in Latin America generally. Since these bear directly on the issues, Rodman omits them. Instead, he singles out an irrelevant issue that Arbenz never personally raised, though some of his Communist advisers did.

Backed by Trujillo (as Robert Crassweller reports in his biography of the Dominican dictator) and the CIA, opposed by a half-hearted army and an unarmed populace, the counterrevolution invaded Guatemala and took power. Its leader, Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, promptly named as head of the secret police Col. Jose Linares, a noted testicle specialist who had filled the same job under the last dictatorship. Two thousand people were arrested, many of them killed. With the labor movement crushed, the foreign companies avenged themselves on troublemakers. The expropriated land was returned. Civil liberties were abolished and 73 per cent of the population disenfranchised. With the secret ballot abolished, Castillo had himself elected President in a one-candidate plebiscite by voice vote before armed soldiers. The CIA's boy won, as Eisenhower states in his memoirs, "by a thundering majority." With the "dictatorship of the Left" thus brought down, Rodman says, Castillo "gave Guatemala a second chance to achieve social revolution without totalitarian interference: a chance to become a democracy."

In the succeeding years, the United States has labored to sustain right-wing dictatorships in Guatemala. One was Gen. Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, who let the CIA use his country as a training base for the invasion of Cuba and was protected by the CIA in 1962 when demonstrations threatened to topple the government, but he failed to work out.

The catalyst for his overthrow was the terrifying announcement in 1963 that Arevalo, a genuine alternative to the present regime, had slipped into the country to campaign for the Presidency. Arevalo, Rodman admits, is the most popular President Guatemala has had—though in his monomania he attempts to turn even that into an attack on Arbenz. The CIA lost its patience. With the help of Ambassador John O. Bell and the military, it engineered a coup. Since Rodman omits the role of U.S. intervention from this episode, we assume that Bell, who is listed in the book's acknowledgments for his help, neglected to mention it.

The military junta of Col. Enrique Peralta Azurdias that followed wore on for three years, one solid year under a declared state of siege with all political freedom suspended. When Peralta consented in 1966 to allow elections, as a parting shot he sent twenty-eight leftists to the wall. Rodman calls the dictatorship "heir to the same problems that beset Ydigoras and Castillo Armas" (e.g., the *obreros* and *campesinos* want their revolution back) and it "faced them with as much honesty as the latter and more dignity than the former." Though one killing blew the whole thing for Arevalo as far as Rodman is concerned, his patience with repression and terrorism for the succeeding thirteen years appears inexhaustible.

According to official government figures of 1966, this nation of 4.5 million people has 68,000 landless families and 75,000 families living on minuscule plots. The peasants are prisoners of 80c-a-day migratory farm work. Despite the annual announcement of forthcoming agrarian reform, the big estates remain untouched.

Rodman has reservations about the "mercurial" leaders of the timidly reformist Revolutionary Party that won the 1966 elections. He mentions the revolu-

THE BIRDS ON THE MORNING OF GOING

If I can say yes I
must say it to this
and now
trying to remember what the present
can bless with
which I know

from all other ages how little has come to me
that is breath
and nothing that is you

now I can see
I have been carrying this
fear
a blue thing
the length of my life asking Is this
its place
bringing it here

to the singing
of these brightening birds

they are neither dead nor unborn

a life opens it opens it is
breaking
does it find occasions for
every grief of its childhood
before it will have
done

oh my love here even the night turns back

W. S. MERWIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionaries operating as guerrillas, but ignores the new anti-Communist groups that have been terrorizing the populace. "Estimates of the number of persons actually killed [by rightists], some after torture, have gone as high as 1,000," Henry Giniger reported in *The New York Times* on July 15, 1967. The right wing is killing an average of one per day, including officials of the party in power.

Rodman's pretense at being pro-reform adds a note of hypocrisy to the book. Otherwise it is in the same bag as most books about Guatemala, which the fates have consigned to CIA-kept academics and publicists for political opportunists. The lack of substantive information, the distortions, as well as the insistence on making "communism" the central issue, goes on.

The Big Black Bag

THE BAG. *By Sol Yurick. Trident Press. 476 pp. $6.95.*

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is an associate professor of English at Long Island University and the author of Africa in Modern Literature *(Frederick Ungar Co.).*

The Negro has largely been an outlaw in past American fiction. The novel about him has centered its action around the tracking down of this sympathetic criminal; but hunted down and executed he has been, no matter what glory might attach itself to his abortive death. Richard Wright in the 1940s produced the best example in *Native Son* of the Negro criminal and society's injustice to him. After that, Wright fled to Paris in his spirit as well as his physical being: it was an attempt to prevent the American prison of his skin from stretching taut over the free associations in his mind. To some extent he failed, since Wright did not know how to deal with the Negro in America except as an outcast—an enraged one, but still a member denied by his society. James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison followed in the footsteps of this tradition, but they also indicated the change that was to come: their heroes are allied, however tentatively, with a growing movement of intellectual awareness. Baldwin compounded the idea of the outcast by identifying his heroes as homosexuals and involving them in interracial love affairs; Ellison enriched the complexity by showing that a white man's ignorance of the moral law is indeed an excuse for his indecent behavior.

Now a work of fiction has appeared that augurs the shape of the new novel about the Negro. Sol Yurick is a white, Jewish, possibly lapsed bourgeois writer, whose talent and beauty of compassion are magnificent. In *The Bag*, his third novel, he writes about many people all caught up in the blackness of New York City and its sick welfare system. Only some of his characters are Negro, but the ambience of the Negro *scene* colors every page and is indivisibly tied to Yurick's conception of New York. No longer is the violence abortive or repressed; it is *there*, and it seems the only way out, a cleansing away by blood bath. In this use of the riot scene, Yurick's novel seems like so many African novels of the past decade. The moderates, the ones willing to see both sides of a neighborhood, are crushed, while the extremes —corrupted and expedient—survive to fight their coming battles.

Yurick's ability to capture the Negro mood is only one of his achievements, for the novel treats many problems and characters from the New Left scene, all of them tied to frustration in one or more of its guises. Some of the characters appear exaggerated, at times merely symbolic exploitations. Faust, the landlord, who survived the Nazi horrors, is presented as a complicated creature driven by base and high motives, but he never comes wholly alive. Nor does his daughter, a Lesbian who almost loses her girl friend to her father, though she does add a gratuitous touch of corruption in the high places of Central Park West.

Yurick is also unfair to the literary patronage milieu. He condemns the system by making every one of his editors, agents, even the hero's wife who is a *literary* person (a poet who sacrificed her career for her husband's), horrible people. They are all aggressive, cold, avaricious, inhumane—almost caricatures.

In his major characters, however, Yurick is successful, particularly with his hero-writer, Miller, who is dismayed by the acceptance of his third novel. Expecting a rejection, he learns that his editor thinks it superb; Miller now is convinced that he has sold out. He takes back the novel, quits his part-time teaching job, and moves into the Welfare Department to find his wholeness again—to rewrite his novel as it should be. How he never quite makes it is the tale of the book. What he accomplishes is a confrontation with the Negro side of himself—that compulsion to know what it is a Negro must feel. Miller becomes the lover of one of his Negro clients, and finally—in one brilliant scene—talks and acts (as he sees it) like a Negro to his cold, bitchy white wife. It is a horrifying and fascinating parody.

Shortly after this descent—or black illumination—occurs the riot in which Yurick brings his characters together and tries to resolve the many problems he has ambitiously shouldered. He does not succeed in the riot resolution, but his book is an achievement. The writing is an amalgam of styles over which Yurick rarely loses control—lyric, dramatic, rapacious, and numbing by turns. His novel lives in magnificent individual scenes—it angers, frightens, entertains (much of it is high satire of the New Left, from an old beat poet to young revolutionaries), and finally it simply gives, as Yurick says, "till it hurts good."

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Spain is a church-ridden country and Luis Bunuel a bitter adversary of that institution. Given those circumstances, *Nazarin* is a slashing film, and if it was ever shown in Spain in the ten years since it was made, the impression must have been sensational.

But with us the circumstances are different and so must be the impression. The film preaches very directly: if a man of our time were to attempt truly to walk in Christ's footsteps, he too would be crucified—and most probably by those calling themselves Christians. The indictment is scarcely new; indeed, it has long been a stock item in the furniture of social cynicism. So an audience not electrified by overt thrusts against the dignitaries of an official church is apt to pay more attention to the second moral that Bunuel has embedded in his picture: when a man has his heart set on martyrdom it is hard to deprive him of his goal.

The difficulty is that, dramatically, these two messages tend to be mutually reductive, with the result that the viewer is relieved of commitment and finds himself associating most vividly with the scenery. In short, Bunuel is so implacably estranged from every aspect of his problem that the film turns out to be primarily a beautiful travelogue (Mexico, 1900).

For though the young priest of the title may indeed have been a thorn in the sides of the powers temporal and religious, states considerably more humane than that of Porfirio Diaz, and churches appreciably less authoritative than the Roman Catholic, frown upon the hiding of murderers. And though it is no doubt wicked to suspect a priest of lechery, young clerics have some responsibility

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to encourage the notion by consorting with young women whose religious fervor seems to spring in large part from sexual hysteria. When Bunuel's priest goes into the exile of pilgrimage in company with a prostitute who has killed one of her professional sisters in a knife battle and with a girl who has sublimated her lust for a brutal horse trader into dubious adoration of her confessor's spirituality, the ensuing debacle is not entirely the fault of a myopic, rigid and evil-minded society.

Bunuel was angry and, as can happen in that state, called down plagues on every house in sight (also a literal plague, whose victims the simple saint and his two awkward disciples minister to quite ineffectively). Of course, since it was Bunuel who made it, the film is a work of cold-eyed elegance, the actors going about their work with laconic eloquence punctuated by violence. But when everyone in a film is coarse, insensitive, foolish or half crazy, and when the director has a good word to say for no one except a robber of alms boxes with an itch for redemption (and even in that case, I suspect contempt), the action is apt to meander in a gloomy way, and the only possible hero, given an effective locale, is the cameraman. In the case of *Nazarin*, Gabriel Figueroa is that hero.

Petulia is about how people—damn it all!—don't communicate with one another. That is a modish theme and Richard Lester has directed it in a jangle of Pop attitudes that is not absolutely up to date only because the social gestures of our day don't last long enough to get a film from the studio to the theatre (a pair of hippies smiling through the smoke of pot no longer stamp *avant-garde* on a film and topless waitresses were last fall's sensation).

Was George C. Scott, the famous surgeon, willing to take up with Julie Christie, recently escaped from her sadistic young husband, the scion of Joseph Cotten, who here impersonates the entire Birch Society? We never know, for the principals are so intent on not tipping their mitts to each other that they quite fail to tip them to the audience. In the event, she goes off on a yacht with her menacing beauty boy spouse (Richard Chamberlain) into what looks to be the start of a very promising horror story.

That is the real trouble with *Petulia*—it is full of promising starts, but too much absorbed in psychedelic flash and deracinated editing to get on with any of them. There is much to be said for odd characters, and this picture offers more than the average; and there is something to be said for keeping the audience alert by doling out essential information in arbitrary fragments. But all this skittish behavior with people and their histories makes one wonder how the story line would shape up if you could get a good look at it. With *Petulia*, I am reasonably confident that there is more soap in the pop than Mr. Lester would care to admit (the real question for Scott is what would Dr. Kildare do). The acting is athletic and lachrymose, the props are kooky, the music is bright, the domestic sets are suitable for the reading of *Playboy*, there is an adequate amount of surgical duress. Given such attractions it is perhaps churlish to pine for the antique virtues of a beginning, a middle and an end.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick's Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres, *based on a series of articles which appeared originally in* The Nation, *has just been published by Hill & Wang.*

In *The Bacchae*, Euripides is telling once again a familiar story: a man, in the pride of his manhood, defies a god, and is struck down for it. The moral, at first glance, is a familiar moral: God is not mocked. But the god in this play is no dignified Olympian, not Zeus or Apollo but Dionysus, that newcomer to the pantheon, the god of intoxication, of irrationality, of ecstasy, of blowing your mind. Today, when Western man is engaged in a tremendous effort to come to terms in a new and (he hopes) healthier way with the tempting and terrible impulses that well up from inside him—the impulses for which "Dionysus" can be taken as a metaphor—*The Bacchae* is the most urgently contemporary of all Greek tragedies. It shows in superb and violent images just how tempting, and just how terrible, the Dionysiac impulse is; and it suggests, as Freud suggested, that Dionysus is most dangerous to those who try to deny and suppress him altogether.

But because it deals with ecstasy and frenzy, *The Bacchae* is perhaps the least suited of all Greek tragedies to the stodgy, stately, pompous sort of performing—a style inherited not from Aeschylus but from Max Reinhardt—which usually passes for Greek classical tradition in our theatres. A radically different approach is needed, and one such approach has been found. At the Performing Garage on Wooster Street in New York, a group of young actors under the direction of Richard Schechner are presenting something they call *Dionysus in 69*, which they advertise as being "somewhat like Euripides' *The Bacchae*." Mr. Schechner is the editor of *The Drama Review*, which devotes considerable attention to the work of Artaud, Grotowski, Kott and the proponents of happenings, environments and improvisation. All these influences, along with some others, mingle in *Dionysus in 69*, but Mr. Schechner and his colleagues are not merely playing around with this year's modish theatrical techniques. They are for the most part remarkably faithful to their incomplete, even distorted, but still cogent conception of what *The Bacchae* is all about. And they have made a disturbing and fascinating piece of theatre.

There are no seats at their Performing Garage; spectators sit where they choose, either on high platforms built here and there, or on the floor. The actors range all around the room, over and under the platforms, but they return at moments of crisis to the center of the floor, which the audience, without being asked, has left vacant.

Into this central space, after a few preliminaries, comes an unlikely looking figure: a tall, skinny, mild-mannered

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information send for booklet 103. It's free. Vantage Press, 120 W. 31 St. New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 7-8-68
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 foreign)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip No. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young man, with shaggy hair, a scraggly mustache and yellow-tinted, wire-framed glasses. "Good evening," he says. "I see you've found your seats. My name is William Finley." We check the program, and sure enough, there is a William Finley among the performers. Mr. Finley goes on to tell us, quite calmly, how he realized at an early age that he, William Finley, was the god Dionysus; he is here, it seems, to proclaim his divinity and establish his rites and rituals. He clashes a set of finger bells and dances off, like some hippie Pied Piper. The performers join the dance, girls in black briefs and loose little red tunics, boys in jockstraps only. A happy revel ensues, to the music of bells, flute and drum; a number of spectators join in. Then suddenly the dancing stops. Pentheus, ruler of Thebes, is standing atop the highest platform, shouting through a bullhorn, denouncing Dionysus and his rites, ordering everybody to get dressed and behave.

The performers, however, are not to be daunted so easily; they disperse among the audience, and defy Pentheus with mirth. They keep breaking out into song: words from a chorus of *The Bacchae* ("Laughter to the flute, Laughter to the flute") to the tune of *Three Blind Mice.*

PERSONALS

MANUSCRIPT IN TROUBLE? Skilled Pro editor-writer aids authors in revising Mss. for publication. **Box 612, c/o The Nation.**

HAND-EMBROIDERED INDIAN DRESSES—of hand-woven cotton, vivid colors, indigenous designs, free catalogue. Write: **ANDEAN, Box 472-A, Cuenca, Ecuador.**

DISCOVER a fun way of meeting interesting, alert Jewish singles. For FREE analytical questionnaire write: **OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 550 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036**

INVEST INTEGRATED HOUSING. Prospectus tells all. Free copy: write **Morris Milgram, Dept. NT, Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust, 30 East 42 Street, N.Y.C. 10017.**

EPISCOPALIANS — Join a radical-Christian peacemaking organization. For details write **EPISCOPAL PEACE FELLOWSHIP, Box 101, 229 E. 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.**

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized Dating Service (All Ages). "Let **TEAM** Make You a Team". For **FREE** questionnaire write: **TEAM Project, 245 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016**

HELP FIGHT JUNK MAIL. Send it back at **THEIR** expense. Labels and instructions $1.00. **Artichoke, P.O. 9123C, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.**

I WANT TO MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE ON JULY 21*
THE "GLASSBORO WAY"
as a step toward
preventing nuclear war
3 Week Study-Exchanges
***Leave NYC: July 10, 20, 30 &**
Aug. 23 or MEET CEC in Moscow
CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS
Dept. N-7/8, 10 W. 46th St., NYC 10036
WRITE-WIRE-CALL (212) LT 1-8113

Pentheus, enraged, dashes and climbs from platform to platform, trying to silence them.

Finally he turns to confront Dionysus himself, who is now sitting in the middle of the room, quietly nodding his head to the music; the scene that follows is, in outline, very close to Euripides. Dionysus' lines, however, are adapted into contemporary idiom. When Pentheus asks Dionysus about his mysteries, the latter replies, in William Arrowsmith's translation, "I am forbidden to say. But they are worth knowing." In Mr. Schechner's version the reply becomes, "Mysteries are very hard to describe—but they're out of sight." Pentheus, on the other hand, is even more stilted and formal than in the original: he says things like "You shall regret this pernicious sophistry!"—to which Dionysus, with amused irony, replies, "You're beautiful." Dionysus, the master of the revels, the inspirer of frenzy, keeps control of the situation by remaining mischievously, paradoxically calm; Pentheus, the apostle of rectitude and order, is strained, wrought up, practically vibrating with tension. It becomes clear that Pentheus' need to conquer Dionysus and extirpate his revels is a profoundly neurotic compulsion; Pentheus is afraid of his own passions, and must fight desperately to suppress them. Dionysus is a threat to his tenuous control, not only over his city but over his agonized self. Furiously, he orders Dionysus to be imprisoned in the stables. "Okay," says the god. "I'll go down to the stud stalls. But I won't suffer!" Here as elsewhere, the contrast between Dionysus' unassuming appearance, manner and idiom on the one hand, and his tremendous pretensions on the other, make *Dionysus in 69* the funniest Greek tragedy I ever saw; but Mr. Finley never becomes a buffoon, and the play is never mocked.

It is not long before Dionysus returns from the stables to exact his revenge. Pentheus is repelled by sensuality, but fascinated too; indeed the intensity of his revulsion is caused by the intensity of his fascination. In the Euripidean text, Pentheus wishes to see the Bacchae, the women possessed by Dionysus, at their rites, and Dionysus persuades him to dress up as a woman. Here this becomes metaphorical: Pentheus is to become a woman for Dionysus by submitting to him sexually (off-stage—the performance doesn't go all the way). The other performers now divide into two groups, with both sexes represented in each group. Each group surrounds a man chosen out of the audience, and begins touching him, caressing him, pressing against him, slowly, calmly, astonishingly. The play proceeds on three levels: Pentheus is challenged, the actor playing Pentheus is challenged in a Pirandellian subplot, and the spectators are challenged too. (Pentheus has earlier caressed, and then rejected, a female spectator.) From one point of view, of course, Mr. Schechner and his friends have some hell of a nerve; who do they think they are? This is outrageous. But that is the point—Dionysus is above all outrageous—and this strategy serves to bring it strongly home. We are forced to recognize our inhibitions, clutched about us like fig leaves, and perhaps to inquire what these inhibitions conceal.

Then it is time for Dionysus to show his other face. He and Pentheus emerge, laughing intimately together. Suddenly Dionysus dabbles his fingers in a fountain affixed to the wall, and marks the neck of Pentheus with blood. Soon all the performers are streaked with blood. Most of them end up in a pile of bloody bodies, looking far more like the heap of disjointed limbs the Euripidean text calls for than anything a prop master could construct; two actresses, each playing Pentheus' mother Agave, brandish bloody hands proudly in the faces of the spectators, each proclaiming (in the words of Euripides, as far as I could tell) her success at hunting, not realizing that her quarry is her son.

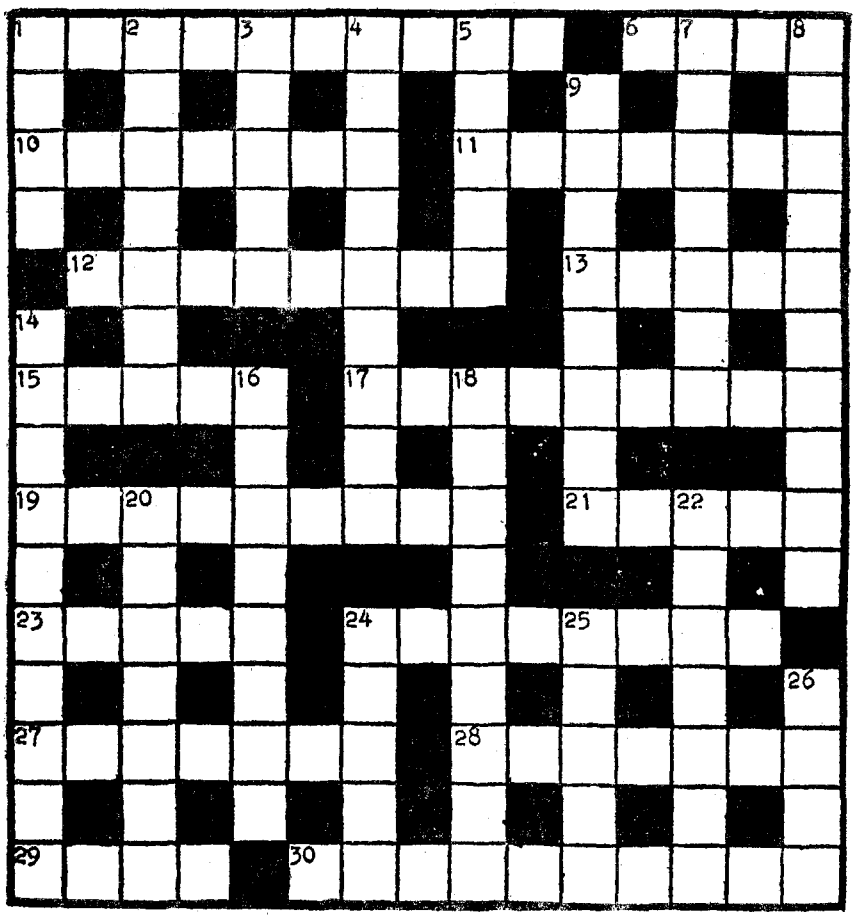
Triumphant in the midst of horror, Dionysus says to the audience, "Pentheus, like you, blasphemed William Finley"—and announces his intention of running for President: Dionysus in 69. It is an effective ending, but, I think, a cop-out; it tends to discount the horror, to dissipate the sense of the *atrociousness* of Dionysus that is an important element in the impact of *The Bacchae.* It is the only point at which this production flinches from the turbulent power of the play.

Of necessity, much is lost in such an adaptation as this: the specifics of Euripides' thought, and of his poetry. But of the latter, at least, how much comes through the double screen of translation and performance? I would much rather hear a fragment of a chorus whispered urgently in my ear, as happens in *Dionysus in 69,* than hear the whole thing laboriously intoned, accompanied with the usual arm motions and footwork. This production, moreover, is not enthusiastically sloppy, as experimental theatre so often is; it is vigorous and firmly disciplined. William Finley as Dionysus and William Shepherd as Pentheus are beautifully cast for contrast, and both of them perform with remarkable precision and strength. Above all *Dionysus in 69* is important as a strikingly powerful contribution to the great work of exploring (here I quote from Robert Brustein's exegesis of Artaud) "the hidden links that exist between every successful work of art and the deep sensual life of every spectator."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1256

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 10 across
6 This at battle? (A group of cells, possibly of bone.) (4)
10 and 1 across "Marche Lorraine"? It's most important, of course! (5, 2, 10)
11 One might be to get up, but not frightened so. (7)
12 You could expect to find a Salk the type sought by alchemists to create a solution. (8)
13 Lad in trouble with a girl? (5)
15 More easily frightened away, like a horse may be? (5)
17 Commercial rating? (Marking a formal pronouncement). (9)
19 Spread out when passed around, or just spread out? (9)
21 See 23 across.
23 and 21 across The dashing sort, typified by bittersweet. (10)
24 Put your name on a bad deal, as indicated. (8)
27 What prompts a person to put it back in shifts? (7)
28 Mill output was political this. (7)
29 Bird talk? (4)
30 Not fancy-sounding woods, Handel's "Largo" being about one. (5, 5)

DOWN:

1 Transported when packaged in sound fashion. (4)
2 A bad poet? Hell, yes! (7)
3 The whole shebang? No, no good away from it in the old country. (5)
4 Relating to one of the things you first learn. (9)
5 Handled by some sailors with dexterity. (5)
7 Oilman's Turkish counterpart. (7)
8 Made limp. (10)
9 They're wound up by envoys. (8)
14 Is nothing forceful when characterized by equal intensity? (10)
16 Pertinent to your mother-in-law, perhaps. (8)
18 Become exhausted over the place for putting color? (4-5)
20 Gas up with it, at climbing near Aquila. (7)
22 A single shade of colorless liquid. (7)
24 Used for making ropes and sails? (5)
25 Where hay might be put up? (5)
26 A single confirmatory sign, or several of them? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1255

ACROSS: 1 Lo and behold; 9 Flat; 10 Weeds; 12 Tapered; 15 Demurred; 16 Damask; 18 Beef up; 21 Mark down; 24 Stemmed; 26 Imparts; 28 Whit; 29 Syria; 31 Four-posters. DOWN: 2 On the cuff; 3 and 30 Now hear this; 4 Brew; 5 Husband; 6 Lodes; 7, 11, 19 and 13 Please Don't Eat the Daisies; 8 Angers; 14 Adams; 17 Mad Hatter; 20 Presser; 22 Rampant; 23 Within; 25 Motto; 27 Argo.

PUBLICATIONS

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM: Grassroots Editor gives fearless Bi-Monthly analysis of Significant journalistic developments. Three dollars yearly. Sample copy one dollar. **Grassroots Editor, Journalism Department, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois 62901.**

PAPERBACK PICK-NIC! You're invited! Free lists used bargains. Hard backs too. **Harco, Box 52-NA, Carmel, Indiana 46032.**

"SELECTED POEMS" of GEORGE FLYNN (Villiers of London—$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound." —James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at: 145 West 12 Street, New York City 10011.**

THE CONSCIENCE OF A RADICAL
By Scott Nearing
A book you should read.
Have it sent postpaid for $2 clothbound or paperback at $1.
Social Science Institute
Harborside Maine 04642

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor, Self-Designated Symbolical World President. **Unique. Entrancing. $2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Ave., N.Y.C.** Not to win, but to fulfill his mission as the first of an endless line of Symbolical World Presidents, Bin Dir Woor has announced that he is a life-long candidate for the presidency of the United States, and of the as yet unborn, just and humane World Democracy.

FREE PAPERBACK LISTS. Write, inquire how thousands save! PAPERBACKS, HARDBOUNDS, RECORDS. Fast service. **New York Book, 48 West 43rd Street, N.Y.C. 10036.**

ABAS *magazine* begins publication in September. Satire, articles, fiction, more. **$2.50 per year, single copy 25c.** We also need writers Send for more details. **ABAS, 420 Summer Avenue, Newark, N.J. 07104**

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL! Make Light Machines, Strobes, Color Organs etc. Send $2 to: **LIGHTRAYS, 713H Pine, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.**

15c LITTLE BLUE BOOKS. 1900 titles, all subjects. Catalog 10c. **LARSON'S BOOKS-N, 410 Minn., Cannon Falls, Minn. 55009.**

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium- and high-priced line. No investment. No inventory. Free Sample Album. **Process Corp. (our 47th year), 3430 S. 54th Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60650.**

VACATIONS

OVER 200 acres on private lake. Excellent swimming, boating-fishing. Golf, summer theatres, restaurants and Long Island Sound nearby. Rooms with private baths. Charming house. Breakfasts only. **Tel: 669-2465. Cudroff.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words) Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014
242-8400

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

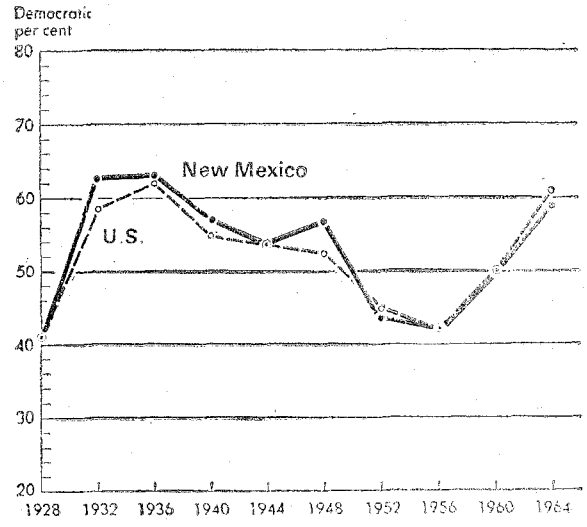
How Will America Vote This November?

Be your own computer.

Pollsters and computers now dominate the field of political intelligence in the many months before conventions, during the weeks of the election campaign and during Election Day. Predictions are based on analyses of voting in areas selected as "barometers" of national sentiment.

HOW AMERICA VOTES IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS, compiled each election year by Dr. Louis H. Bean, graphically represents the patterns of voting in the United States during the last ten Presidential elections (1928-64), and how the major issues are reflected in these changing percentages from election to election.

HOW AMERICA VOTES IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS can be purchased from The Scarecrow Press, Inc., Metuchen, New Jersey. It will be a **free gift** for any new one-year NATION subscriber who acts now.



NEW MEXICO AND THE U.S.

As New Mexico goes, so goes the nation. Except for the two elections of 1932 and 1948, when New Mexico exceeded the national Democratic percentage by 4 and 5 points, it has closely approximated the national Democratic vote.

FREE WITH EACH NEW ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). I enclose $10 and understand you'll send me free, HOW AMERICA VOTES IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Enclosed is $6.

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 foreign)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

N7-8

The good fight is now in THE NATION —Why not join now?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED